THE ARLINGTON QUARTERLY

AUTUMN 1967

$1.50 A COPY

A JOURNAL OF

Literature, Comment, and Opinion

Published at

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT ARLINGTON

We Move Ahead: *A Prefatory Note*

Last year an editorial board composed of several members of the Department of English in The University of Texas at Arlington published a magazine containing eight scholarly or critical articles written by other teachers on the staff. It had no permanent name, no off-campus advisors, no given field. It was, however, a literary start in a commendable literary direction.

In THE ARLINGTON QUARTERLY we here at the University of Texas at Arlington have moved boldly forward. Contributions from authors in many parts of the nation are included; we are publishing poetry, fiction, book reviews, and essays as well as scholarly writing. We have a permanent name, a permanent editorial staff, and an advisory board including distinguished out-of-state men of letters and scholars. We have become national in scope.

With minimal prescriptions as to genre, we shall publish first-class writing from authors who reflect credit upon literature, criticism, and scholarship in our time. Throughout the

country in recent years there probably has been too much emphasis on Germanic literary research, although there is little indication that the best of this ever will be regarded lightly. However, it seems apparent that many first-rate teachers are hampered by it, and certainly there are not enough magazines to publish all the minute, detective-like annotations and interpretations which are being written either from inclination or fear of professional catastrophe.

We feel that there is a place on the academic level for writing which comes out of one's mind and heart, and that there is a place for clarity and verve and imagination as well as for conventional research. Both are important.

In any event, THE ARLINGTON QUARTERLY is now a reality, and I extend my respects to Professors Maurice Carlson and Sidney Landman and their associates for their diligence, faith and courage. We have confidence that they will quickly move this national magazine into a position of excellence and substantial eminence.

DUNCAN ROBINSON

THE ARLINGTON QUARTERLY

MAURICE I. CARLSON, *Editor* SIDNEY J. LANDMAN, *Managing Editor*
PAUL S. BLAKNEY, GEORGE E. FORTENBERRY, RICHARD A. FRENCH, JOHN S. LEWIS, JAMES M. MOFFETT, STEVEN TURNER, MARGARET LEE WILEY, *Associate Editors*
DUNCAN W. ROBINSON, MALCOLM K. BRACHMAN, MARTHA CARLSON, CHARLES H. GREEN, A. C. GREENE, SONDRA O. KAUFMAN, LYLE H. KENDALL, JR., ANDREW LYTLE, LEWIS P. SIMPSON, THOMAS S. SUTHERLAND, ALLEN TATE, LON TINKLE, ARLIN TURNER, *Advisory Editors*

All correspondence should be addressed to

THE ARLINGTON QUARTERLY
Box 366, University Station
Arlington, Texas 76010

Copyright © 1967 by the University of Texas at Arlington
Second Class Postage Paid at Arlington, Texas
Printed in USA
by The University of Texas Printing Division, Austin, Texas

THE

ARLINGTON QUARTERLY

VOL. I • PUBLISHED IN THE AUTUMN, 1967 • NO. 1

CONTENTS

God in West Texas	*A. C. Green*	7
Three Poems	*Edwin S. Godsey*	12
On the Death of a Poet, Buddy Godsey, and his Son. *Verse*	*Robert W. Hill*	17
Birds. *A Story*	*Edward Krickel*	20
One A.M. in the Brave Falcon. *Verse*	*Warren Leamon*	25
Two Poems	*Thomas S. Sutherland*	26
Epilogue to a Feast. *Verse*	*Thomas H. Landess*	27
All the Daughters of Eve: "Was" and the Unity of *Go Down, Moses*	*Melvin Bradford*	28
Soliloquy. *Verse*	*George E. Fortenberry*	38
Music Under Stalin	*F. Bullitt Lowry*	39
A Word in the Stone Nymph. *Verse*	*Marion Montgomery*	50
Razing a Home. *Verse*	*J. F. Kobler*	51
Tirso, Byron and the Don Juan Tradition	*Robert E. McDowell*	52
Poems from Ecuador. *Translations*	*Robert L. Littlefield*	69
Open House at Porlock. *Verse*	*Giles Mitchell*	72
The Debtor. *Verse*	*R. L. Williamson*	73
A Fragment of Glass. *A Story*	*A. Farrell Borenstein*	75

The Prodigal Son Returns on a Week-Day Afternoon. *Verse* — *J. M. Linebarger* — 84

Almost Neanderthal. *Verse* — *Frank Cheavans* — 85

Reviews — 89

Contributors — 93

THE
ARLINGTON QUARTERLY
VOL. I • PUBLISHED IN THE AUTUMN, 1967 • NO. 1

GOD IN WEST TEXAS

BY A. C. GREENE

SUMMER heat in West Texas has a glittering, shimmering quality about it which makes anything viewed from afar look like a mirage, and you can never be quite sure until you are on it.

The sun burns hard. It burns the color out of cloth and paint. It burns the moisture from the soil and the sin out of the people because sin is a moist, soft thing, tinted pretty colors.

Spring is the time for rains, late spring. About a month after the spring rains, if there have been any spring rains, the ground starts cracking open beneath the summer sun, the red clay of the earth turns to brick and the grass in the pastures becomes a brown blanket tufted with clumps of yellow straw. But the goathead sticker weed sends out green tendrils two yards long, and it survives. The mesquite trees have only lacy, pale yellow-green slivers for leaves, but the mesquite's roots find moisture where there is no water, and it persists. And the prickly pear cactus, which grows in tumbled heaps, holds its deep green through the worst kind of drought and seems to need neither water nor soil to expand.

So when there is no water and the grass dries up and the sun sits hard on the land for days and weeks without even

a time of overcast, the ranchers must not rest and wait for the possible wetness of early fall. They must send in crews of pear choppers to tear out the thriving cactus plants, and they must hire others to spray coal oil around the trunks of the bigger mesquites so they too will die, or bulldozer operators to blade down the tough scrubby trees or chain them to the earth, so that what little water remains in the soil will go to the grass and the edible growing things and not to the greedy, thirsty, useless mesquite and cactus.

West Texas is like the Biblical lands, a hot, dry desert country with low, blue hills along its horizons which are nothing but hot rocks when you reach them. It is vast and endless, stretching across six hundred miles, east to west, and half that north and south. Perhaps it is this kinship with the land of the Bible narratives which causes it to hold to the fundamentalist religions, to cling to dry, feverish beliefs which demand more of a man than he is capable of offering even God; which promise him nothing on earth but hardship, sweat, frustration, retribution for error, and loneliness, while raising before him a golden City of God wherein he will find the Garden of Eden, and old Adam restored, the music of harps, gates of precious stone and a street of gold which cannot be dimmed, with a release from the tense and carefilled life of uncertainty the earth affords.

Perhaps it is the belief that this earth, this ball, will be devoured by fire, man's works and cities, his monuments licked clean by flame, which causes the people of West Texas to feel that theirs is an especial warning. Like the Muslims of the desert, they defend and evangelize with the sword; love and emotion are still intellectual terms which God rebukes, and are frail and insecure footings for faith.

The loneliness of the high sky makes men see God, or

think they see God. But they see Him in the fiery sunlight, and not the cool night moonlight which bathes the country in a supernatural coating so wonderful and confusing that men instinctively draw indoors to avoid it. Uneasy, they look out from the shadows and predict pagan infections from being under it, remembering in their hearts how it can soften the memory of sunlight and fire, how it can drive them to arms and to lips of desire, how it has made them sad, times past, for something they do not feel sad for in the sunlight.

Therefore, the greatest virtue is to work hard, for hard work leaves no time for you to question God. If God should bless you, of a sudden, with the abundance of His riches, then it is a sign of acceptance and favor, for God loves the strong, the shrewd and the sure, just as He despises the weak, the lukewarm or the uncertain.

God still comes down and walks with the sons of earth, in West Texas, watching what they do. He goes to their plain, cream-brick churches on Sunday mornings and Sunday nights, and is there for Wednesday night's prayer meeting. He wears suits from J. C. Penney's, if He wears a suit, making note of who is and who is not there, who remains stedfast and who has faltered, for He despises the weak.

God does not move in crowds. He keeps to His own company, and it is characteristic of the fundamentalist religions that they each believe, fiercely, that He keeps only to them.

But underneath the dry skin of West Texas, browned by the sun, and behind the washed-out looking eyes which are accustomed to being focused on vastness, there is expectation to match the distances of their plains. Someday they will see Him. He will come to appoint them to His kingdom, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey

not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, to be glorified in His saints and to be admired in all them that believe. And He will proclaim that all their years and torments of colorlessness will become as a flaming banner for the unbelieving world to see, and for those in error to acknowledge as they plunge over the lip of hell.

There is the vast expectation that He can be found, that He is watching and waiting to anoint and astound and to explain why life is like it is and why He demands it be that way. For they love God. It is the one kind of love they understand and are not sinful in; it is the one way they use the word in public without wondering what He would think if He heard them. They love God and they keep His commandments the way they were given and the way the land will let them keep them.

For above all else, they want to do what God wants them to do. Since He speaks to few of them aloud, they sense that He wants them to do cautiously and slow. What He does to them they accept as His will or their sin. Sometimes it is the drought, the hail, the cyclone; sometimes it is the inability to go to school or to marry for love or to work for themselves instead of someone else. God doesn't like for His people to pick and pry, to seek beyond the Sacred Page, to say, aloud or in their hearts, "I wonder . . ." God chastises those who say they know too much, who taunt Him with their knowledge, who refuse to accept their lives as His will.

Nothing can change that, for the sun is his eye, and it is so brassy it seems to be a mirror, following you with a blinding shaft no matter which way you turn. And a man is weak; he feels and thinks inside things the sun would dry out and the wind blow away if they were exposed; therefore such thoughts are suspect.

But there are things and thoughts which lie like the low, blue mesas on the horizons, or the high, distant clouds, remote and pleasant; things which never are exposed because if you do not let yourself know they are there, if you deny they are there, they can be kept and, when God moves away to look a moment at some other place, when the searing sun is removed from the sky, as it suddenly is on a summer evening, and just as sudden the moonlight rolls up from the earth, these soft things can be taken out and held tightly in the palms, the eyes denying their presence, the lips never speaking their names, but the heart feeling them lovingly, licking them with a hot, red tongue, racing to its task, leaping in the breast. For a moment it is safe to love, but only a moment, only between the years and years, the blind, sun-scorched and smitten years.

The old grannies used to say that if you don't wear a handful of green leaves in your hat when you go out on a summer day, the sun will cook your brain and pull out all the moisture and the cool from your body. And you shall surely die.

THREE POEMS

BY EDWIN S. GODSEY

HOPPY

When Mary pulled the sorrel's reins from Stephen
The stunt man's hand, swung her buckskin squaw's skirt
Over, leaned up into his neck and, by God,
Was gone, Morris began screaming: "What are
You doing? Is she ruining me? Cut!
Hey, Sweetheart! Somebody grab that woman. Cut!
She shouldn't be galloping in it here! Cut!"
I was the camera jockey on this series.
I got her last frames going over the rise.
Guitars were to volume up there for *The End*
With boys back here all lithe as cats, leaning
Against the fence and singing "Tumbleweed"
While Hoppy turned, waved, and rode away.

It was his riding off like that that took her,
I guess. It must have made the girl forget
Hoppy was phony. It's hard to understand, though.
She'd been around. She knew the camera angles.
You would say this one had quit pulling taffy.
One time I took her out myself. Just once.
She was O.K.—a little hard is all.
But that was back before they disappeared.
Way back before the war. You never know
About a person. Some people get mixed up.

I could have used a Hoppy, Oh, my God,

At Anzio. Oh, you'd have been great, Hoppy,
The way you jingle-jumped from boulders, bullets
Whining in ricochet but plugged your ten
And came out clean ("Move in for a close-up, William."),
And gee-whiz coursed the outlaws through the hills,
Leaped on them horseback, rolled into the gulches
And whipped them silly in the sound effects.
Maybe she thought it was the real thing or
Something like that. It's hard to understand—
The Conestoga wagons, whiskey brawls,
Gold miners, Sioux with smuggled Winchesters—
They'd take your scalp—the gunfights at high noon.
But in that wild land she was safe with Hoppy.

It's interesting to think what they said when
She caught up with him. Hoppy would grin and nod:
"You keep a sharp eye out for Indians, Ma'am."
And she, "At last, I've found you, Hoppy. Hoppy,
I love you." "But Ma'am," he'd say, "no epic heroes
Have time for love—I mean, the family kind.
I can't be different. It's mostly killing here.
A hard country, here, to live in." "Better,"
She'd say. And he, "But this is no place for a
Woman or child." "Why, it's a good place, Hoppy,
A good place. We'll have sons—trust me—more than
The sands of the desert. Every one a hero.
I've seen the signs." "We ought to make camp soon . . ."
(What could he say?) "You understand, you'll have
To keep a sharp eye out." They'd build a campfire,
Drink coffee, eat sourdough hotcakes, and hear coyotes.
It wouldn't be as easy as a motel.

So all in buckskin love went riding on
Somewhere. At least they never reappeared.
Old actors say they ride the desert still
(At times they see a family resemblance
In one of the young crew but never so soft-
Spoken or beautiful as Hoppy was)—
She and the hero with the tall black Stetson
And easy grin of a boy, on the white steed.
They say they ride toward sunset by the mesquite,
Through the arroyos and beneath saguaros
That stand like giants in the land: Clip-clop,
Clippity, clippity, clippity, where the dust
Splashes like pools of water from those hoofs,
And twilight coming on in El Dorado.
It's nice to think like that, but what I think is
They ran into trouble at Los Alamos
Back in the forties, and needed to move fast
("Ma'am, what in hell is that?") and didn't make it—
And lost the way I lost at Anzio.

AMERIKA

They say it was on a steep down-hill grade
That Betty, Roland, and the children took
The wrong exit on what was a new turnpike
Up at the upper right-hand corner and
Parallel with theirs at hand but to the left
Very close up—obliquely crimped in at
The meshing at about 60 M.P.H.

VALLEY FALLS ROAD: NEXT EXIT read the sign.
The lettering was white on forest green
And clearly read, VALLEY FALLS ROAD: NEXT EXIT.

So when this lettering began to spin
Into the daughters' kaleidoscope, turning
In unrepeated fragments, the cool grasses
Of fields and shadings of line trees, the horses, plowmen,
The sense of movement. Maypops were growing rank and
Butterfly weeds in the fields, the trumpet vine,
A thousand ox-eye daisies, sunlight. A white
Sky-triangle piece fell to the lower left.

And so this day the rider with the easy
Wind-swept handlebars met them at the crossing.
And Betty leaned over Roland, screaming above
The wind's roar: "Sir, we are on vacation.
Direct us to the VALLEY FALLS ROAD exit."

That young hood leaned into the handlebars,
And, wrapped in the plastic jacket, cried out, eyeless,
Grinning, waving them on, "Man you gotta go!"

PETITION

We smart to hear a bird, we giddy singers
Who do not come in out of the rain but lie
Naked, gone sickly in the streaming weathers
Discharged from our own bruised, fistulous sky.

Pray for us, you. The rain is not too little
And dry to sleep but too much nightingale
To sleep decently clothed in clay and spittle,
Not naked to this pestilent flood's swell.

Devils, too scared to walk down from their mountains
Into the rain, frightened by birdsong or night,

Afraid of women's thighs or gardener's portions,
Have flapped their vans and vanished into light;

But we stay earthward in the rising waves.
We sing, for you, beneath the olive groves.

ON THE DEATH OF A POET, BUDDY GODSEY, AND HIS SON

BY ROBERT W. HILL

North Carolina Highway 49—
A gray rust robin plaqued on the pavement,
Two flesh-hinged feathers
Ragged on the up-side wing
Buck a little in the wind so cold.—
And I hardly knew its name.

There's a right turn here at Back Creek Church Road,
And I watch the 49 asphalt seep
A tributary—
Ride the mile long turtle's back.—
And the Creek, its creek to Timber Ridge
Where the gravel blue-eggs twist
From their pits, while the lace-frost mortar rips
Cold road-bed dust into January.
In bumble Chevy
I'm questing for his Opel
While my intellect is sure it's gone,
Full aware the lake's alone.

I saw the same lake invite last summer;
And I saw robins when they did belong,
Lively crossing roads,
Fat-hopping, fly from fields, woods,
Lawns where they belonged. It is sad that
One misstepped the calendar.

There is no rhythm to the sliding itself;
It happens simply and small worlds are amazed.

The hopeless fingertips clutch at
The weak breaths floating in the air—
The bones' wet nails burn and ache cold—
The scanty chests of pulse explode—
The thin poet and his small wrong son—
The lake, respectless, three men deep—
The ice to glaze in shock
At its own passive barbarity.

He stammered, and long talks were also
Long silences.
He was the first living man
I ever heard say that suicide is crazy
Because we don't know what we're going to,
That dying is scary.
We disagreed because I said
A poem sometimes picks up and rambles
Where it right well wants to go.
He said that a poem is a box that
Contains something that uncontained
Means nothing.
And while he sprawled in a chair
(eased his shoe off as the Yale
Ph.D's examined and admitted him to them),
He tautly mouthed the words
That his spread spirit loving-cared
Into true things.

I leave the house they bought too soon—before
They knew they wanted to stay—lakeside house

They could have let go
By the board as too perfect
For their youthful, roam-souled family.
I leave now and remember
A crawling white Chevy in a flying
Blind mountain blizzard, slowed and wallowing
Tardy to the grave,
Late except to hear snowflakes
Patter cleanly on hothouse flowers
Laid with love in the open.

BIRDS

BY EDWARD KRICKEL

JUST for the hell of it, the sheer hell of it. We didn't have any business there. But who in the Gyrenes is going to work when he can goof off?

We were surveying with twice as many men as the job needed, naturally. Exactly what we were surveying, I never knew. Maybe somebody did, but I never knew him, or even anybody who did.

"The rest of you guys can take it easy," the corporal said, "and spell these guys later." He was taking it pretty easy himself.

"How about port and starboard, Corp?"

"Yeah, how 'bout it?" the rest of us chimed in.

"Naw, I don't know. Well, maybe, O.K., O.K., be here by twelve hundred when the six-by comes."

That gave us about three hours.

"Race you to the trees, Red, and bet a brew on it," somebody said.

"You can't run, you fat bastard." But parkas and all, they did, and Red won. The rest of us slogged along behind, except Dingler, who decided to sack in his three hours and crapped out on the ground with his head on one of the equipment boxes, where the sun, pale and not very warm looking through the yellow dust haze, had melted the frost back anyway. A sneaky looking piece of fog over by the irrigation ditch began to come to pieces. It was pretty over the bright green field.

Down the way, a gook was pedaling something that looked

like a little ferris wheel and water poured out into the field.

"Say, by God, that's a whole gook settlement over there," said a voice from the clump of trees. "It's on the other side of the river, though."

"Naw, it's on this side, the damn thing curves. We can get to it. Come on," to us, "bunch of gooks. Let's go look at 'em." A couple of others raced up to the trees and began to argue over who won.

"C'mon, c'mon!" Red, our big Pennsylvania Polack, said in a tough voice. "The gooks."

The rest of us made it. "Yeah, let's go!" we said, excited as a bunch of kids. "Maybe they got some women," Porky grinned like a fat pig. You could almost see his goddamn tushes.

"Let's put on a show for 'em," said Red. "Fall in and we'll march right in on 'em. Get the hell in line, Lilly!" Lilly always looked sort of like Dopey in the Seven Dwarfs. His cap kept slipping around so the bill was in back. It made him look sillier, but he would have looked like Dopey anyway with that silly grin. I bet the coal miners back home kidded him as much as we did.

With Red calling cadence, we marched right down the middle of the village, with chickens scattering and children gawking and running up, but scared, and then the adults. Old Red looked good out there, big as three Chinamen, with big Polack cheeks and eyes squinty as the gooks, just not slanted. "Platoon, HALT! L-e-e-ft FACE! Present ARMS!" We didn't have any, so we saluted Red. "DISMISSED!" in a great hoot.

We fell out laughing and breathing hard, because old Red had really marched us. We reached for our cigarettes and offered them around to the gooks. Porky smacked the hand

of an old woman that tried to sneak two. "You old bitch!" We all laughed and they did too, so maybe she did it for laughs. Red gave cigarettes to two little men who seemed to be the head dogs. At least everybody kept looking at them. They didn't much more than come to his waist. One of them jabbered something and everybody around him shut up, then they yapped at each other. The crowd was pretty big and all jammed in between those little yellow mud houses, right in the yellow mud street.

"Hey, I think this bastard's trying to speak English," Red said. We listened but we couldn't tell.

"Shut up!" Red roared, and everybody did. Then one of the wrinkled yellow mud faces of one of the old women wrinkled a little more and she was giggling. They all started laughing. Laughing at Red, the big man with the big roar. We laughed too and passed out some more cigarettes.

"He wants us to follow 'em." Red meant the two little head men. One of them was clearly trying to talk to Red and then interpret for the other one. It just sounded like some hisses that you occasionally bite into and then grind your teeth around.

We followed them, with the people in the village trailing behind us. The gooks smelled funny, dirty, I guess, but sort of clean dirt. They led us into a little courtyard of a house that was bigger than the others. I guess this was where the head man lived. Then some gook came bringing out like it was a present and was going to break if he didn't treat it just right a funny looking long piece of metal, round and full of holes. "What the hell is that?" Then we got it all about the same time. Except Lilly and Porky. You couldn't explain it with diagrams so they'd get it. "Japanese, aircooled. They think we're inspecting them for weapons."

Red decided to get stern. He demanded they bring the rest of the weapon out. They must have been saying that's all they had and couldn't bring any more out. They got kind of frantic about it. We didn't give a damn if they had the whole Jap army in there, but we looked solemn to back Red up in the game. It did make a little difference to know what they thought we were doing. Red was pointing at the other mud houses and the little men were pointing at the piece of machine gun.

After a while, we let ourselves be persuaded that was all they had. We passed out more cigarettes, some to the children too, and got a conducted tour of the place. One mud house must have been a little church or something. At least it was cleaner than the rest of them. It had statues lining the walls inside. They were painted in bright colors. One of them was a big fat bastard sitting down with his legs folded under him. He was up in front of all the others. I don't think they planned to show us that building, but Porky spotted it and ran in. He was probably looking for a whore house. He had them all spotted back in Tientsin. But it didn't take a bird dog. Even Lilly didn't miss there. Porky waddled up to one of the statues that was humped over with his hand out and imitated him. "Komishaw!" he said, "komishaw." He did it singsongy just like the beggars in Tientsin. Mock something was about all the stupid bastard could do except drive a truck and one more thing. He bragged he hadn't missed a day, and that on port and starboard liberty. That's about all there was to old Pork. He wasn't even a good buddy. We laughed. The head gooks smiled but they didn't seem too happy just the same.

"Got to get back to the crew. Don't want to miss chow." We didn't bother to march back, just straggled along. It would have ruined the fun.

The sun had warmed things up a lot. Off across the flat green fields in the bare trees a few birds fluttered—some that nobody had been able to eat yet. They flew up from one clump of trees and settled in another not far away.

Ahead some of the fellows were racing again. I watched the birds. These were the first I'd seen in China. Something moved along the edge of one of the green fields. Back home it would be a rabbit. It was a woman. She ducked way down by the edge of an irrigation ditch and she was running, like she was scared, looking back over her shoulder. I looked on to where she was running. Some more women were way off in the clump of trees the birds flew out of. They were moving away from where we were. The running woman was dressed in that quilted coat and pants all of them wore. She saw me look at her. She stood up and sprinted through the bright green field, and I saw she was just a young girl. I guess the others were too. Come to think of it, all we'd seen were little bitty girls and those noisy old women with cracked mud faces. It was funny. They acted like they were scared of us. But gooks were funny as hell anyway. I started to tell Red and the fellows but the birds flew up again. I watched them settle in a clump of trees farther off.

ONE A.M. IN THE BRAVE FALCON

BY WARREN LEAMON

A brilliant red sets flesh
burning in a
whirling
fantasy of childhood come alive:
late summer vacant lot of faded green,
omen of brown obedience, classrooms, rain
turned suddenly by theft to fairy sward
afire with myriad tops flashing yellow
blue purple beneath the blinding glare of
sun-spotlight crossing rolling heads flailing arms.

We have come late to this underworld; death
is close at hand, the surface life
of cone square and triangle.
My love, I long to watch you for an instant
in chaos struggling downward;
wrap this wildness with your girlhood,
let the hue of skin, jerk and roll of body, cry
of breast and hip clash with glare and twang—
let madness turn it all to stained glass
against a rising sun and shatter color
through this tomb.
For soon your Orpheus
will descend in a spray of brown mist.

TWO POEMS

BY THOMAS S. SUTHERLAND

I

A single window, neighbor to my bed,
Where pearly light is let,
Shows me, at morning, half awake
Three shapeless hens. The lost winds shake
Them on their thorn tree, huddled, unfed . . .
And then they raise their heads and squawk, alive and wet.

And why, going to bed in my small sleeping cell,
And sad the sun is gone,
Do I not once recall those fowl, shut in night's box,
Grasping those crazy limbs, faithful as clocks . . .
Until they wake, tumble to earth and tell
The sleepers that another hungry search is on.

II

You may have noted that the loneliest places
Are cities full of frantic feet and faces
Where men assume
A number in a room
And think they live upon an equal basis.

You may have known the Island of the Soul
Where Distance Ocean and Oblivion Shoal
Keep kith and kin,
Where every tide flows in,
Beyond the port, beyond the shore and mole.

But if the gods have loved you once or twice
(And love of gods and people has no price),
Then you have heard
Some message or some word!
The gods do that . . . the household gods . . . and dice.

EPILOGUE TO A FEAST

OR, THE REALPOWER OF MUSIC

BY THOMAS H. LANDESS

But when Eos—that blowsy bitch—came forth,
The king kicked rancid Thais in the buttocks,
Staggered to his feet, roared out for water,
And took his armor down. As he emerged,
Glittering cruelly in the first sunlight,
His troops could see his scowl, the liver splotches,
Wobbly legs. And whispering prayers to Zeus,
They scattered like crazy sparrows. Timotheus
Broke off boasting in mid-sentence, fled
The company of awestruck whores, and hid
His poor old bones inside a drum. Half-blind,
Groping among the tents like Polyphemus,
The king cried out for vengeance. *Ai! Ai!*
The poet's hoary brow slimed with fear.
That aged heart began to pound. And thunder
Startled high Olympus. Even the king,
Who battled red-eyed maenads, heard the sound
And smiled in pain his jaguar's smile. Seizing
The drum, poet inside, he hoisted it
Aloft and gave the word. A cry went up,
Standards leaped to sky, and fifty thousand
Warriors took a stride toward India,
Cadenced by the beat of that frantic heart
And the chanting of the conqueror: *None but*
The brave, none but the brave deserves the fair.

ALL THE DAUGHTERS OF EVE: "WAS" AND THE UNITY OF *GO DOWN, MOSES*

BY MELVIN BRADFORD

THE themes which make a unified book of *Go Down, Moses* are (most of them) established in the story with which that collection begins. All are closely related; all reflect upon the dilemma imposed upon man by his obligation to "endure" a difficult but providentially given arrangement of things, to "cope" with the intransigent complexities of the human situation which baffle and inspire him to dream of "freedoms" lost to him and his even before the fall. And most important among those things which are to be endured are land, women, and the basic social arrangements which the two together compel men to sustain. I refer here specifically to men's endurance (or failure to endure) because, though women exert a constant and sometimes even controlling pressure on male conduct in *Go Down, Moses* (in the title story, in "The Fire and the Hearth," in "Pantaloon in Black," and in the flashbacks of Part IV of "The Bear"), it is upon the choices made by males and upon men's understanding of their proper role that this suite of stories focuses.

This first story "Was" has been generally abused and misunderstood by most of the little criticism it has received.[1] All

[1] "Was" appears on pp. 3–30 of the Random House edition of *Go Down, Moses* (New York, 1942). We have had intelligent discussions of this story from John Lewis Longley, Jr. (*The Tragic Mask: A Study of Faulkner's Heroes* [Chapel Hill, 1963], pp. 105–110); from Lawrance Thompson (*William Faulkner: An Introduction and Interpretation* [New York, 1963], pp.

too often it has been assumed that its subject is black slavery and its human cost. Olga W. Vickery sees in it a parody of slave chases commonplace in abolitionist propaganda, an inverted "flight across the ice."[2] It has also been variously described as shallow high jinks, an apologia for the peculiar institution, "horrifying," and a denial of the "moral problem of slavery."[3] However, though "Was" does treat of the involvement of black and white McCaslins, its focus is not upon this relationship. Action antecedent to the time of the story had established this connection once and for all in the lifetime of the founder of this branch of the family and of their plantation, Old Carothers McCaslin. And to this relation subsequent sections of the book return. Carothers' boys, the lovable bachelor twins Amodeus and Theophilus (who are the story's protagonists), are not concerned with the loss of a Negro; their father left to them more than they know what to do with.[4] Like Frank Meriwether in John Pendleton Ken-

---

81–85); and particularly from Cleanth Brooks (*William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country* [New Haven, 1963], pp. 244–248).

[2] *The Novels of William Faulkner* (Baton Rouge, 1959), p. 126.

[3] The most wrongheaded comments on "Was" known to this writer appear in Walter F. Taylor's "Let My People Go: The White Man's Heritage in 'Go Down, Moses,'" *South Atlantic Quarterly*, LVIII (1959), 20–32, and in Edmond L. Volpe's astonishing *A Reader's Guide to William Faulkner* (New York, 1964), pp. 232–234. It is Volpe who describes "Was" as "horrible"; the other passage quoted is from Hyatt Waggoner's *William Faulkner: From Jefferson to the World* (Lexington, 1959), pp. 199–201. His gloss on "Was" is perhaps misrepresented by this one remark.

[4] It is recorded that only once did the McCaslins buy a slave, one Percival Brownlee. They purchased from the fabled Nathan Bedford Forrest this Negro who was supposedly very "handy" in everything. However, he proves to be their "spotted horse." The painful results of this purchase (considerable financial loss, waste of time, disruption of plantation routine—and another mouth to feed after the worthless slave refuses freedom) do nothing to en-

nedy's *Swallow Barn* (1832), they are what Cleanth Brooks has called "singularly undoctrinaire abolitionists," interested in getting rid of slaves, not in acquiring them.[5] It is difficult to say who owns whom on the McCaslin plantation. To the twins their Negroes are a responsibility, not all ready for freedom (they free those who are—if they are willing to leave) but not to be selfishly used to serve private designs or schemes for self-aggrandizement. Their attitude toward their slaves is the corollary of their use of the land they own, a matter of stewardship, a question of patriarchal tenure for the common good.[6] But they do not want their mulatto half-brother visiting his girl on the Beauchamp plantation. And their reasons have nothing to do with slavery. For Warwick poses a threat to their way of life far more serious than the most unruly Negro—marriage—a marriage which could (and would) involve them more deeply in the abusive potential of the plantation system than any innocent attempt to avoid such involvement. And the necessity of that involvement to the plan of social and economic reformation for their own community which they have undertaken they cannot perceive.

Miss Sophonsiba Beauchamp, the source of this threat, is a comic figure, a middle-aged virgin with a roan tooth and somewhat ludicrous airs. But she has one thing in common with most of Faulkner's respectable women, a quality which makes Buck and Buddy take her quite seriously. She is anxious to get (and manipulate) a husband. And as Buck and Buddy realize, life on their plantation cannot continue as

---

courage Buck and Buddy to be sanguine about the advantages of slaveholding (*Go Down, Moses*, pp. 263–265).

[5] *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*, p. 248.

[6] *The Unvanquished* (New York, 1938), pp. 52–57.

they would have it if one of them accommodates her. Sophonsiba is not comic to the twins; she knows how to use the "rules" and the forces on her side—"rules" and forces whose general power or validity the McCaslin boys, as their conduct as hunters, poker players, and gentleman callers makes plain, never deny. The inverted version of the stock *amour courtois* pattern (something which Faulkner, after Bernard Shaw, sometimes suggests that men invented in their delusion and women keep up in their practicality), forced on the puzzled Buck while he is at Warwick, suggests that this "lady," just like most of her "sisters," is a formidable creature.

Miss Sophonsiba cannot endanger Buck and Buddy unless one or both of them are at Warwick or she at their place. And they are never at her home but for one reason—to fetch home Tomey's Turl. They (or rather, Buck—Buddy never leaves the McCaslin place unless there is an emergency) have to fetch him home—formally—or face a prolonged visit from their neighbors; hence all the ritual of the hunt. Turl's "visits" across the country line usually come about twice a year (p. 5). They are part of a calculated strategy on the young Negro's part. He is, by his own admission, in league with women and the earth, with the elemental forces of nature which he knows to be irresistible; indeed, there is even some suggestion that the compact has been formalized in conversation with Miss Sibbey (p. 13). He doesn't push his elder kinsmen. He runs off frequently enough to keep the pressure on, and no more. But he wants Tennie Beauchamp for his wife. And he expects the McCaslin twins' fear of the way her owners persist in taking their visits to Warwick (not as attempts to retrieve a Negro but as "courtly" calls upon Miss Sibbey) to force them into purchasing Tennie. Turl (or Terrel), like another of Faulkner's wise men, old Ephraim in

Intruder in the Dust, knows what world he is living in.[7] Buck and Buddy, two idealists, have to learn the hard way.

The trek to Warwick described in "Was" is climactic. In the story all of the "hunts" which have been going on simultaneously (Turl's for a wife, the McCaslins' for a restraint on the mulatto boy, Hubert Beauchamp's for a brother-in-law, Sophonsiba's for a husband) are resolved—or almost resolved. With it Turl's design is accomplished and Miss Sophonsiba's is put well on its way toward completion—even though Uncle Buddy's fabled skill at poker postpones its ultimate fruition for a while. In brief, by prolonging Uncle Buck's stay at the Beauchamp Plantation until darkness falls, Turl arranges an opportunity for the old man's innocence to betray him into a compromising situation. He anticipates that it will be one thing if not another (a word, a look, or a gesture) that will trip Buck up and make him want to be certain that he will not have to visit Warwick again. And the Beauchamps help all they can. Exhausted from pursuing his runaway kinsman, the "woman weak" member of this droll tandem and his nine year old nephew (McCaslin Edmonds) wander into a darkened plantation house (an action itself symbolic of Buck's condition in the designing clutches of his hosts) and stumble into Miss Sophonsiba's bedroom. Cass, though more wary than Buck (and forewarned by both Turl and Buddy), is too young to be on his guard against this snare. As the story indicates, he knows nothing of women.

[7] *Intruder in the Dust* (New York, 1948), p. 112. Ephraim's words (addressed to another young gentleman of learning, Chick Mallison) are: "If you got something outside the common run that's got to be done and cant wait, dont waste your time on the menfolks; they works on what your uncle [Gavin Stevens] calls the rules and the cases. Get the womens and the children at it; they works on the circumstances."

There is more than a little suggestion here of a trap (conscious or unconscious). With a guest on the place, the Beauchamps should not have put out all the lights and gone to bed before the McCaslins returned to the house. Miss Sophonsiba's door is left unlocked; she is not asleep (at least not snoring—and we are told that she does snore); and she says nothing when man and boy enter her room—until Buck gets into bed. Once before on a visit to the McCaslin plantation, Mr. Hubert had attempted to compromise his sister (with her apparent approval) by leaving her under the McCaslin roof (p. 6). With Theophilus caught, sans trousers, Hubert of course demands that his neighbor do the honorable thing (p. 21). Buck panics, tries to get out of his trouble with cards, loses his freedom again (and a dowry), and Cass goes for Buddy. The calmer twin for the time being (since he is dealing only with Hubert —another man) manages to extricate his brother from what Beauchamp calls "bear country." For no man can beat Buddy at *his* game. But though the master of Warwick loses at poker (in a hand over which Turl "presides" as dealer), in the long run he is a winner (p. 29). The McCaslins acquire Tennie—and something of a broken spirit. The fulfillment of the prophecy made by Tomey's Turl to young Cass, that women get what they want (at least in such matters), foreshadows Buck's ultimate surrender. This narrow escape from matrimony leaves the twins with much less will to resist the inevitable Miss Sophonsiba. Later on in "The Bear" we learn of her marriage to Buck. She is to become the mother of the central character of *Go Down, Moses*, Isaac McCaslin, in whose recollection this story lives.

Andrew Lytle has called our attention to the fact that women in Faulkner's fiction are the instruments and pre-

servers of community.[8] And for the male, community means compromise. At times Faulkner seems almost to agree with Hawthorne that man's involvement with womankind is a *felix culpa*, at once death to his private and/or idealistic dreams and innocent freedoms and a wisdom-bringing adjustment to "the body of the world."[9] All human relationships have, in proportion to their strength, a delimiting effect on those whom they involve—particularly that of a man to a woman. Because insofar as women represent community and its basic units, family and clan, they establish an order of priorities in a man's obligations to his fellows, an order which may set him at odds with either his own plan for life or with those to whom he might otherwise be well disposed. The interests which women represent are particular, not general. And necessarily so. The species and civilization depend upon the power of the maternal drive to command men's loyalties to what Edmund Burke calls their "own little platoon."

Buck and Buddy are forced by Buck's marriage to Miss Sophonsiba to violate their personal code of ethics and to end their prolonged adolescent (and adolescent it is, however worthy) idyll. They finish the big house (their slave quarters) and become somewhat more conventional planters.[10] To some it might seem that, in the process of responding to their changed status after Buck's marriage, they have put the survival or need of family (and especially the continua-

[8] "*The Town*: Helen's Last Stand," *The Sewanee Review*, LXV (1957), 475–484.

[9] The best discussion of the significance of women in Hawthorne appears in Roy R. Male's *Hawthorne's Tragic Vision* (Austin, 1957), pp. 3–19. Faulkner's treatment of the consequences for men of full involvement with a woman is most reminiscent of Hawthorne's "The Maypole of Merry Mount."

[10] *Go Down, Moses*, pp. 300–302.

tion of a family dynasty) above common humanity. But perhaps the point of "Was," and one of the principal themes of *Go Down, Moses* (and the lesson which Cass Edmonds must have learned in the story), is that the value of any man's virtue is slight unless it has an after life among his descendants. And descendants may require him to compromise that virtue, probably not as much as Miss Sophonsiba would have the twins to, but at least a little—at least as much as Cass does in continuing Buck and Buddy's work and by preparing Ike to continue it after him.

As Faulkner reiterates over and again (in *The Wild Palms*, in the Houston story in *The Hamlet*, in the lives of Joe Christmas and Byron Bunch in *Light in August*, and in the experience of Ike McCaslin with his wife recorded in Prat IV of "The Bear") the consequences of trying too hard to escape from that natural human condition or "fate" which includes women may be worse than that fate itself. Grand and well-meaning schemes and understandable fears notwithstanding, nature will eventually either have its way or exact its price. Community makes possible the continuance among men of the human values which Buck and Buddy affirm—and depends upon the partial violations of those values which women occasion for its persistence. This is the point of the story with which this complex book begins, a point which, as Brooks writes, provides "perspective in which we shall have to view . . . Ike's act of renunciation [in 'The Bear']."[11] Here already we are informed that idealism must be tempered by

[11] *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country*, p. 248. If he had understood the story from the "old times" which he cherished, he might have had the son he desired—or else more sense than to expect to get one after he has turned away from his devoir. His wife's attitude toward him (recorded on pp. 311–315 of *Go Down, Moses*) is apparently very like his mother's toward his father.

realism, that there is a complexity to true endurance which righteously simplistic readings of "The Bear" (and through it, of the rest of *Go Down, Moses*) ignore. The irony is that the story survives (from Cass) only with the very McCaslin whose life is an attempt to deny its point.

In "Was" we get considerable intimation of what we are told in detail elsewhere in the Yoknapatawpha Cycle, that Amodeus and Theophilus McCaslin are exemplary characters, a little roughhewn and plain-spoken, but as solid as the timbers in their bachelor cabin. They hunt, play cards, "hurrah" each other, try to run their place well enough to feed their people; and on the side lend a hand to their poor-white neighbors. They are Huck and Jim both. Their raft is their plantation. Before this story begins they have already resolved their problems of conscience vis-a-vis all their Nigger Jims. But their raft too must put into shore and their full manhood begin. Buck has escaped to the territory on more than his share of occasions. And what he has wrongfully escaped is not particularly Miss Sophonsiba but rather what she stands for. The lady of Warwick is perhaps his just punishment for doctrinaire bachelorhood.[12] Yet, had his son done as well in his compromise with life, *Go Down, Moses* would be an altogether different book.[13]

[12] Actually the entire story of "Was," and not just its central episode, has to do with the danger of defying nature. It begins and ends with Buck trying to run a fox in the house with hounds. Buddy is incensed at this innocence. And just before Buck is "caught" in the "hen house" (i.e., like a foolish fox), he gets himself bowled over and his hip pocket filled with bits of broken whiskey bottle forgetting something "even a little child would have known: not ever to stand right in front of or right behind a nigger when you scare him . . ." (p. 19). Buck's innocence always goes hard with him.

[13] The connection of Isaac McCaslin with this story of the education of his father and uncle is not casually intended by Faulkner. The function of pp. 3–4

of *Go Down, Moses* is, at once, to define Ike as one who misjudges his personal heritage and to identify him as the formal protagonist of the entire suite of stories which is to follow. In a more inclusive sense, the protagonist is really "McCaslin," or the idea that family could (and should) represent—just as "Sartoris," the idea and family, is the protagonist of *The Unvanquished*; I have given some exposition of that idea in "Brotherhood in 'The Bear': An Exemplum for Critics," *Modern Age*, X (1966), 278–281, and in "The Winding Horn: Hunting and the Making of Men in Faulkner's 'Race at Morning,' " *Papers on English Literature and Language*, I (1966), 272–278. Of the responsibility of Ike and the rest of the McCaslins to the "place" into which they were born Andrew Lytle has written that he (Ike) is "the exemplum of the Puritan hero, who holds in fee simple the body of the world, and who is incapable, as are all men, of this responsibility ("The Son of Man: He Will Prevail," *The Sewanee Review*, LXIII [1955], 127–128). I contend that Faulkner's point, in "Was" as elsewhere, is that capable or not, man must try; for this reason is he put here, to test himself and to be tested in responsibility. To fulfill himself he must endure, in pride and humility, land, women, and position—all.

SOLILOQUY

BY GEORGE FORTENBERRY

There's not a lyric in old bones.
His voice is tempered to a wheeze,
Time forever whittles at his nerve
And trees that he once climbed
Or those that he has fallen from are gone.
But taking a watery look into the wind,
He comes back sharp—In fine—
Well—maybe not such fine—
But in whatever fettle he can work himself
Into. And though his dance was done
At morning, he still hums
A faint song late at night.
There's not a lyric in old bones.
When time has served him summer but twice more,
Then wind and tree will do for lyric as before.

MUSIC UNDER STALIN

BY F. BULLITT LOWRY

AN artist is by nature both critic and creator. Yet the Soviet government has tried, since its early days, to prevent protest and channel creativity while maintaining the production of art. It was under Stalin's rule, from the thirties to the early fifties, that Soviet efforts to control art were the most thorough and unrelenting. Under Stalin, the government asserted mastery over all forms of artistic production. The Soviet bureaucrats won complete control over literary creation. They made it serve the purposes of the State; they made it advance the cause of Socialist realism and display proper communist ideals. The cost was stifled originality, cheap stock plots, and two-dimensional characters, and, as a result, the Stalin Era gave almost no meritorious literature to the foreign reader.

In musical composition the Soviet government tried the same pattern of control. But they could not command or criticize musical composition with the degree of rigidity possible in literature. Other than places where music and literature overlap—the libretto of an opera or the words of a popular song—it is difficult to harness the largely subjective material of music. The bureaucrats could regulate the libretto of an opera, but when they approached purely instrumental music —symphonies, concerti, chamber music—they found it difficult to say whether this piece or that piece conformed to a given standard. Nevertheless, the Soviet leaders laid down standards and tried to regulate music.

Their efforts did not begin in earnest until the early thir-

ties. Music in Russia had been hard hit by the 1917 Revolution; many composers like Stravinsky fled Russia, and during the twenties a new generation began to produce music for a new audience. The upper class, the supporters of music before 1917, had disappeared, and the composers of the twenties intended their music to appeal to the revolutionary proletariat. Some of their pieces were artistically sound; others, like one egregious concerto for factory whistle and power machinery, were successes neither musically nor popularly. But in general, compared with later decades, composers during the twenties had a large measure of artistic freedom.

In 1932 that comparatively free development ended. From 1932 to 1936 the government gradually instituted and then tightened controls over music. In 1932 the government organized the Party-dominated Union of Soviet Composers, and at the same time extensive personnel changes took place on the staffs of the conservatories. These measures made possible later measures of control. In 1936 the government established the Central Music Department, which took music from the lenient jurisdiction of the Commissariat of Education, and through this new agency the State controlled all musical training. The young got musical education only after a series of aptitude tests; aptitude, of course, included political as well as musical aptitude. As the student progressed, the attrition rate increased until only a picked group graduated from the conservatories. By 1936 the State, therefore, controlled the selection and training of musicians, determined which composers to support financially, and decided whose works would be performed. During these years, the status of composers increased greatly relative to other members of the toiling intelligentsia, perhaps because the Soviet government had

become aware of music's value for internal and external propaganda. The Soviet composers would pay dearly for their higher standard of living and their greater prestige.

In 1936 the Soviet government defined what it desired in musical production. *Pravda* published a series of articles violently attacking Dmitri Shostakovich's latest opera, *Lady MacBeth of Mtensk*, written two years earlier. When it was performed in Moscow in 1936 after this first attack, Stalin went to see it. According to one report, he rose in the middle of the second act and ostentatiously stalked out, muttering "trash." The press launched further attacks against Shostakovich for his "formalism" and his "modernity." Then a few weeks later Stalin went to see a thoroughly mediocre opera written by Dzerzhinski, a young man of no talent, and he acclaimed the work highly. For the next two years Dzerzhinski set the style of Soviet music.

During the late thirties the government emphasized the classical school of music. Stalin took the lead here as usual when, at a Soviet Congress held in Moscow, the last movement of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* was performed. Stalin exclaimed: "That is the right music for the masses. It can't be performed often enough, and it ought to be heard in the smallest of our villages." There was an epidemic of Beethoven, and choruses and orchestras toured the provinces for months on end playing nothing but Beethoven's *Ninth*. What relation it bore to revolutionary ideals is obscure.

Perhaps to satisfy Stalin's musical taste, and certainly for political reasons, the authorities also emphasized the production of folk music. Composers went from Moscow to the far provinces in order to write music based on folk songs. The Soviet government then proudly presented the pedestrian

results as authentic cultural contributions by autonomous member republics. How many ancient folk songs were written by these composers is unknown.

By the late thirties, when Russia was at the climax of the Great Purges, the State had established various guides to musical composition. It condemned "formalism" and "modernism," and it approved folk songs, certain classical works, and derivative work like Dzerzhinski's. A member of the Soviet bureaucracy phrased the philosophy behind this control tersely when he said: "You must understand that our country can't afford the luxury of art for art's sake as others can. For us art is no more than a means to educate our people politically."

Viewed from within Communist ideology his statement is incontrovertible. According to Marxist-Leninist ideology, art reflects the socio-economic structure of society. A proletarian society will produce music in accordance with that society. Bourgeois music, which in its turn reflects a bourgeois socio-economic structure, is by nature decadent and unfit for proletarians, and probably of no interest to them anyway. If the proletarian society were already in existence, there would be no problem because the society would automatically produce proletarian music. The problem only exists during the transition from one society to another. During this period of transition, the Communist Party must guard and guide the nascent society using all available methods, and art is one of those methods.

So far the Soviet bureaucrats were on firm ground. They were acting within a framework that was both practical and ideologically sound when they made writers produce Communist morality plays and when they made painters produce uplifting scenes. But whenever they approached music they

had to ask—and answer—the question: what is *Soviet* music? Their answers were unconvincing.

The effect produced by music depends less on the music itself than on the listener. An emotional string quartet will do little more than make a person disinterested in music acutely uncomfortable. A love poem set to the music of Persia may be aphrodisiac to a Persian, but not to a Westerner unaccustomed to its tones and rhythms. Music, by itself, has no emotion and no content. Certain sounds and rhythms, such as a drum beat modeled after marching feet, produce the same general response in most people because of their imitation of everyday life, but even these responses are not universal. The response to music is determined by the psychology of the listener and his mood of the moment, the culture in which he lives, and the training he has had. What music does is encourage a listener's emotional and conceptual reaction to take place.

The Soviet bureaucrats never approached the problem from this direction. They assumed that their citizens' response to music was a universal response and that the music itself, and not the citizens, produced the response. The bureaucrats, therefore, regulated the form of music according to the response their citizens had. Music that produced an introspective or cheerless reaction was forbidden on the grounds that the music itself was introspective or cheerless.

Moreover, the bureaucrats assumed that the technical structure of music reflected the structure of reality. Dissonance was forbidden because reality, in the Soviet world, was melodic and harmonious. Again, the judgment of what is dissonant and what is melodic is largely a result of training and taste, but once more the bureaucrats assumed that the response of their citizens was a universal reaction.

Acting upon these assumptions, the government set standards; the bureaucrats established controls that became more and more rigorous as the thirties came to a close. And then World War II interrupted the development of their policy.

During the agony of World War II, Russian music suffered with the rest of Russia. The Soviet government claimed, correctly, that musical composition and performance continued wherever it was physically possible. Shostakovich, who had come back to favor with his expiatory *Fifth Symphony* (subtitled A Soviet Artist's Practical Reply to Just Criticism), reportedly wrote his *Seventh (Leningrad) Symphony* during intervals of rest from digging trenches. In the conditions of the time, the story may very well be true. But whatever production continued, the war destroyed or disrupted most of the conservatories, and a whole generation of musicians lost five years in which they might have been studying and composing.

Controls over music relaxed during the war, and after the war they remained relaxed for several years. Then on December 25, 1947, two of the foremost composers, Serge Prokofiev and Aram Khachaturian, each presented a new piece written to commemorate the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Revolution. In spite of a cordial reception by the audience, the newspapers were silent. A few days later the minor composer, Vano Muradeli, presented a new modernist opera. Stalin went to a performance and bitterly criticized the piece. Still the newspapers were silent, but the works of modern Soviet composers disappeared from the concert repertoire.

What was coming could have been predicted from pronouncements on literature during previous months. Andrei Zhdanov, Stalin's heir apparent, had been attacking "westernism" in literature in order to cleanse writing of the con-

tamination incurred during World War II. Now he extended the attack to music. On February 10, 1948, Zhdanov (acting in the name of the Party Central Committee which had not met for seven years) issued a decree that violently censured Muradeli's opera, blaming its failures on "formalism." The Decree of February 10 listed all the major Soviet composers and condemned them for "formalist perversions" and "democratic tendencies." It denounced atonalism, dissonance, and disharmony, and deplored the lack of interest in choral music, songs, and opera. These last, incidentally, were Stalin's favorites. Music, the Decree said, must not be for the few, but must be for the many.

That conclusion—that music must be for the many—was the ostensible subject of discussion at the Conference of Musicians of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party. There, directed by Zhdanov who lacked even elementary musical training, all the major Soviet musicians tried to guess what the State wanted. Some of the composers attacked the Big Four—Prokofiev, Khachaturian, Miaskovsky, and Shostakovich—saying the approval of these men was the only standard used to judge music. Khachaturian and Shostakovich tried to reply by criticizing the Composers Union and its failure to create a comradely and creative atmosphere, but their words were irrelevant amid the obviously prepared proceedings of the Conference of Musicians. All the composers ended by denouncing the Western modernists, and they attacked Western cacophony, because, they said, it was repugnant to the healthy nature of Russian Soviet humanity. One musician declared: "Soviet music is indeed a model to all that is democratic and progressive. . . ." Democratic tendencies, condemned by the Decree of February 10, must be in the eye of the beholder. "But something more than that

is required from the art of our time," the musician continued. "Our art must express the Communist ideology, and must not borrow anything from even the most advanced artists of the Capitalist countries."

In order to make the lesson certain, Zhdanov closed the meeting with a lengthy speech. He pointed out that music had achieved little compared to "other ideological fields." Change must come. There were two schools in Russian music, Zhdanov said: "One school stands for the healthy and progressive things in Soviet music. . . . The other school stands for formalism which is alien to Soviet art." The Central Committee demanded, he said, "beautiful and elegant music . . . . We want music that would satisfy the aesthetic requirements and artistic tastes of the People." No "decadent western influences" could be allowed in Russian music.

The Decree of February 10 and the Conference of Musicians made a miserable impression abroad. Anti-Soviet groups seized on these events for their own purposes. *Time* and *Life*, for example, suddenly became great admirers of Shostakovich. Meanwhile the Soviet musicians were hurrying to expiate their sins.

Shostakovich quickly wrote an oratorio-cantata, *Song of the Forests*, which commemorates the planting of forests in a vast green belt across Russia. Scored for soloists, men's chorus, people's chorus, children's chorus, and two orchestras, and with many of its melodies based on folk songs, it was an abject apology. The glory of the Soviet State and the strength of her children are repeatedly and interminably extolled. The State accepted his offering, and Shostakovich returned to grace.

Prokofiev had a more difficult time. First he wrote an open letter apologizing for his lapses into formalism, and then he

wrote an opera about a Soviet fighter pilot. The State evidently did not find these offerings satisfactory, for the work remained unperformed. Prokofiev did not come back to grace until his *Seventh Symphony*, written just before his death in 1953. The score of that symphony is superficial, and in spite of some pleasing melody, the symphony is inferior to his brilliant *Fifth* or his driving *Sixth*. Nevertheless, the State found its nature sufficiently Soviet.

The death of Stalin in 1953 led to no immediate change in policy on music. All the government did was transfer the administration of music once again, this time to the Ministry of Culture. At the end of the year Shostakovich presented his *Tenth Symphony*, but other than its lack of a dynamic coda (previously thought essential in order to express the determination of the Soviet people) it showed no startling break with the past. Not until 1956 was there any official change in policy, and then it was only a cautious affirmation of minor technical changes. Cautious though it might be, however, a new relaxation had begun. The worst restrictions of the Stalin Era were over.

The witness of these scenes is left a bit bewildered, perhaps because what the Soviet government demands of its citizens is something novel to the twentieth century. It is not censorship: most ideologies and political systems have forbidden any major dissent. What the Soviet government requires is not the prohibition of negative outbursts, but the manifestation of positive support. The government expects writers and musicians and artists to produce works that support the regime in a positive fashion. But when does music support the regime and when does it not? Plato in *The Republic* warned against new sorts of music. ". . . Any musical innovation is full of danger to the whole state," he wrote. ". . .

When modes of music change, the fundamental laws of the State always change with them." His ideas seem rather far-fetched. What were the Soviet leaders hoping to accomplish when they attacked "formalism" or "modernism" in an opera or when they demanded proper expression of "Communist ideology" in a piano concerto? Did the Soviet State try to harness music simply because music existed?

Yet against the record of creativity denied and composers persecuted, there are certain positive accomplishments. Russia avoided the problem music faces in the West where avant-garde musicians often write for other avant-garde musicians and not for the public. Formal music in the Soviet Union, perhaps because of a lack of alternatives, has a claim on public affection denied to musicians and composers in the West. In the West the majority of educated persons ignores new music; a concert is daring if it presents any work written since 1900, and record catalogues list a dozen recordings of pre-1900 music for every piece composed since. No one would claim that the musical public should forget earlier works; it would be as ridiculous as a demand that the literary public forget its classics. But it would be a dreary world for both readers and new authors if literature repeated the proportion that exists in music. Reprintings of Balzac and readings of Keats have their indispensable place, but not one that should exclude Eliot or Faulkner, to say nothing of Heller or Price.

Recent musical composition in the West, unlike composition in Russia, has alienated the majority of concert-goers. But novelty always repels the majority, and the offended public always ridicules and assaults change. This reaction serves to mask both geniuses and charlatans. Advances are derided; but so are failures. Whether the new Western music with its "cacophony," its "disharmony," and its "for-

malism" is an advance or a failure is still under judgment by independent critics. The Soviet Union, however, has already judged, and it has rejected the Western approach. It is ironic that the Soviet Union, which ideologically is committed to the future, has forbidden change in musical forms and has fixed itself on the past.

A WORD IN THE STONE NYMPH

BY MARION MONTGOMERY

Under December of your mind, under the tilt of your sun,
I am neither cool nor cold;
My skin is the frost of indifference.
Whatever heat holds me suspended in the gray mist of
morning is a circling of particles as indefinite as love.

But not love: more spacious even than the rooms of your
conception.

Though you may say (flatly) electrons ring quiet centers,
your eyes do not hold, another will add (flatly perhaps):
somehow joyously. And *thence life flows outward*. Still,
such is not all the round world.

My centers are indefinite and everywhere: I am that which
when seen:
The firm rise of my breasts, with a semblance of love in their
raised buds, violates by me only a literal air;
True violence comes of hot hammering, an extension of
perilous eyes.

And my hands are thrown up to hold—whatever you will.
Always under your fingertips, under your eyelids, lies
whatever forms of warm imaginings.
Under December, under the tilt of the sun, I am neither warm
nor cool.
Byzantium, if, is everywhere.
Always it is the emperor who keeps himself awake.

RAZING A HOME

BY J. F. KOBLER

An agony of death is manifest
In broken studs against the leaden sky.

Warped in sullen disarray,
Splintered siding tells no pleasure now,
Nor tattles sins and anger
Once encased within these walls,
No longer walls by half.
Shreds of paper roses blow, and blame
Their fate on crayons of youth
That drew first blood and slipped away.

Pain-saturated planks render
Silent judgment on desperate fears
That echoed from these floors,
No more than echoes of themselves.
Three-brace of rotten stairs askew
Embrace remains of patient steps
That carried love and tender cares above
And brought the dying, all to rest below.

When buyer stops to haggle over price
Of splintered 2x4's and broken boards,
He laughs with carpenters in face of death;
Leaning through its gap-toothed grin,
How can he stand unmoved by others' life he buys
Engrained within that silent wood?

TIRSO, BYRON, AND THE DON JUAN TRADITION

BY ROBERT E. McDOWELL

WHILE it is impossible to establish that the character Don Juan exists before Tirso de Molina's *Playboy of Seville*,[1] it is likely that a figure similar to Juan comes from early Spanish oral literature. We find in Tirso's drama a Don Juan who is handsome, courageous, brazen, and almost superhuman in his demonstration of the triumph of sensuality. His primitive psychological makeup, which appropriately matches his singleness of purpose in life, strongly suggests a folk hero.

The genius of Tirso is that he captures in formal literature the Burlador, a figure who leads to myriad interpretations in different genres, in different nations, in different periods of literature. As Leo Weinstein explains,

> The Burlador can be turned into a French nobleman by adding refinement to his methods, wit to his expressions, and skepticism to his religious attitudes. He can be transformed into a romantic hero by explaining his inconstancy as being caused by the noble search for the ideal woman. . . . He . . . may be considered an extreme realist who refuses to be deceived by intangible moral and religious taboos, thus illustrating a type of "absurd" hero. . . .[2]

It is stretching a genre, I think, to read Tirso's drama from the Spanish Golden Age, as many critics have, as a morality play; clearly, the clash between good and evil and the al-

[1] *El Burlador de Sevilla y convidado de piedra* (1616?).

[2] Leo Weinstein, *The Metamorphoses of Don Juan* (Stanford, 1959), pp. 23–24.

legorical nature of the characters in a morality do not characterize Tirso's work. True, Don Juan Tenorio's life is seen in two parts—the amorous career and the divine punishment meted out to him by the stone statue; but the hero's life is so headlong, so unthinking, that he ends up almost unaccountably opposed to authority. His lack of hostility toward society and religion, his impulsiveness, and his vitality make him in a bizarre way almost "innocent." He really neither loves nor hates. The central moral fact of the drama is that he does not prepare to meet his maker. A favorite seventeenth-century Dominican and Franciscan notion of spiritual "readiness" strongly suggests the reason for Tirso's killing Don Juan Tenorio as he does; his end is an example of what happens to the unprepared man. Tirso was a monk, but a popular dramatist and a man of the world as well, and so I cannot believe that his central concern is to punish Don Juan Tenorio for being a seducer as much as it is to treat the theological significance of his acts.

In order to comprehend better something of the development of three and a half centuries of Don Juan literature, we ought to examine these generalizations through a specific account of Don Juan Tenorio's actions. When we first meet the seducer, he is being addressed by the Duchess Isabela, who thinks that he is Duke Octavio:

> Isabella: "I ventured my honor because of your pledge to be my husband." (She then sees his face.) "I'm ruined. Who are you?"
>
> Don Juan: "A man who has enjoyed you." (I,i)

He is an ingenious trickster,[3] and seems to go from one escapade to the next as much for the potential humor in the

[3] Burlador can mean both prankster and seducer in Spanish.

prank as for the sexual enjoyment he derives from it. After Isabela's seduction, he declaims facetiously:

"It was love drove me to this. A man who loves is blind."

To this, his uncle, Don Pedro, replies:

"Your father sent you from Castile to Naples for committing the same crime against a noblewoman there." (I,i)

When, after the Isabela episode, Don Juan Tenorio is forced to flee, he is shipwrecked, and his servant, Catalinón, carries him to shore to the maiden, Tisbea. Although the hero is still nearly half-drowned, he gasps out in good rake fashion:

"I'm dying with love for her. I must enjoy her tonight." (I,iii)

And, after promising Tisbea that he will marry her, he seduces the innocent girl and abandons her, refusing to be disturbed by Catalinón's warning that he will pay with his life for his heartless behavior; his usual flippant reply to such warnings throughout the play is, "Plenty of time for that" (I,v; II,ii; III). Next, Don Juan Tenorio gleefully plans a trick on the Marquis de la Mota by trying to seduce Doña Ana. "This trick will go down in history," he says (II,ii). When he is thwarted, he scuffles with Don Gonzalo and kills him. The "trick" works to a degree, though, because the Marquis is indeed arrested for the attempted rape. Finally, the hero's boldest seduction play is made at a country wedding. Here he tricks the stupid bridegroom, Batricio, into allowing him to sleep with the bride, Arminta. After making the bizarre arrangements, he talks with his servant:

Don Juan: "Saddle the mares, Catalinón."
Catalinón: "When do we leave?"
Don Juan: "At dawn, and dying with laughter after this trick." (III,i)

There is, accompanying Don Juan Tenorio's pranks, an increasingly demonic tone in the drama; when, for instance, the hero tricks the young bride, she asks for an oath to guarantee that he won't run off. He replies:

"If I do not keep my word, let God send a man to ensnare and kill me." (Aside: "A dead man of course"). (III,i)

Thus, the two parts of the drama are physically and intellectually integrated when the statue of the murdered Don Gonzalo appears at Don Juan Tenorio's supper table and frightens the hero, who is, nevertheless, determined to be brave by accepting a challenge from the stone guest:

"Tomorrow I shall be his guest in the chapel. All Seville will be terrified and astounded at my courage." (III,iv)

At the supper, when the statue feeds vipers, scorpions, gall and vinegar to the hero, Don Juan Tenorio burns up inside. He dies horribly and without confession as the chapel burns; both he and the statue sink into the earth, and only Catalinón escapes to tell the grisly story. All of the wronged women appear before the king and hear Catalinón's weird tale, and the play ends happily, for the most part, for the women. Doña Ana is still pure; Isabela and Duke Octavio marry; Batricio unites with Arminta. Apparently, only Tisbea finds no compensation for her trouble. Tirso's Don Juan Tenorio is, then, a picaro, a joker, a lusty and terribly attractive fellow, and, perhaps most importantly, a rather awful figure in his scorn for the religious and social conventions of his day.

It is not difficult, even after such a brief summary of Tirso's play, for us to understand how succeeding artists have been able to discover in Don Juan Tenorio's antics a rich vein of literary possibilities. In the seventeenth century there were many versions of the Don Juan story. Leo Weinstein, whose

book is a sort of catalogue of Don Juan productions, lists dozens of works extending from Tirso's time to the present day. The French versions of Dorimon (1658) and Claude Deschamps, Sieur de Villiers (1659) are interesting alone for the identical provocative title: *Le Festin de Pierre ou le Fils Criminel.* Apparently, the seventeenth century's primary concern with the story is in its religious and moral significance and the consequence of the hero's acts. As a result of this early focus, Don Juan becomes progressively more wicked in seventeenth-century works.[4]

Like most of the earlier Don Juan pieces, Mozart and Da Ponte's *Don Giovanni* is in a direct line from Tirso's play. While preserving the powerful, erotic character of the hero, Da Ponte stresses in his libretto an increased sinister note both in the Don and in Leporello. In this, Da Ponte was probably influenced by earlier eighteenth-century musical versions—possibly by Goldoni's *Don Giovanni Tenorio* (1736), or by Gluck's ballet (1761). Many other eighteenth-century literary treatments of Don Juan seem to emphasize the drawing room (or bedroom) aspects of the story—"how does he carry out his seductions?"[5] All in all, the story does not undergo a very radical metamorphosis until the nineteenth century.

In the early nineteenth-century reinterpretations, Don Juan is not a sensualist *per se*, but rather a rebel, an unhappy and lonely figure, looking sometimes for the perfect woman, expressing at other times a vague longing which is never specified. The romantic Don Juan breaks the bounds of the older tradition in his strong expression of the philosophy of self—self-expression becomes an end in itself.

[4] Weinstein, p. 25.
[5] Ibid., p. 65.

No countries produce more critical comments and imaginative works on Don Juan in the nineteenth century than do Spain and France, yet the great aesthetic treatment of Juan in that century is unquestionably Lord Byron's.[6] Byron's *Don Juan* marks a dramatic shift in the development of the myth. This version, more than any other work since Tirso's, gives new direction to the hero. That Byron's Juan is kin to Tirso's is clear: both are picaresque figures; both are driven from their homes because of illicit affairs; both are shipwrecked immediately after leaving home; both are rescued and find themselves in the arms of a beautiful, innocent girl; both are accompanied by someone who comments on their actions (Catalinón is certainly the ancestor of Byron's narrator); both are strong men (perhaps we should call Byron's Juan a "strong, silent" type); both are handsome and terribly attractive to women; and both are averse to marriage (at least, Byron's narrator is).

But these physical similarities are less captivating than the differences in the two works. Byron's hero is the seduced rather than the seducer: he is either taken in by an experienced woman or he falls innocently into an embrace with a maiden. In the first part of *Don Juan*, the narrator delights in describing Juan as strangely passive. Of course, Juan is a device for Byron's satire, a means through which the narrator can reflect ironically on the relationships between men and women, while at the same time he is an autobiographical creation treated ironically by the author. No such irony characterizes Tirso's work.

An extremely important innovation in the myth, I think, is Byron's theme. The specific moral issue at the heart of Don Juan Tenorio's escapades is transmuted in Byron's work

[6] It is interesting that Shaw anticipates himself in the late nineteenth

so that the action is no longer Catholic and (relatively) local, but rather Catholic and universal in concern. Byron, in short, "uses" Juan as a vehicle to carry his epic tirade against hypocrisy, his exhaustive study of man's propensity for deceiving both himself and others. While the flat characterization of Juan can be seen as unfortunate, Juan is, nevertheless, an ideal creation for Byron's purposes because he so completely

century with the short story "Don Giovanni Explains." Yet, his important play, *Man and Superman*, does not come until 1901–1903.

blends into any society, and thus effectively betrays its foibles. It is Byron's theme, and not the main character, that gives his work a unifying principle.[7] Aesthetically and intellectually Byron's work is bigger than Tirso's because Don Juan literally moves through most of the Western world, through war and peace, from innocence to experience. Finally, he ends by losing his idealism; Byron regrets this fate, but sees idealism as inevitably subject to erosion by sophistication, experience, and age.

Perhaps I can best clarify the innovations that Byron makes in both form and matter by briefly summarizing Juan's relationships with women, somewhat as I abstracted the actions of Don Juan Tenorio. As I have already suggested, Juan moves from innocence to experience. In the initial episode, when Juan is caught in bed with Julia, he is only sixteen years old and clearly more victim than seducer. Juan next moves to Haidée, and to a natural love which the narrator obviously admires:

> Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
> Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long

[7] Ernest J. Lovell, Jr., "Irony and Image in *Don Juan*," in *English Romantic Poets: Modern Essays in Criticism*, ed. M. H. Abrams (New York, 1960), p. 231.

Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;
The world was not for them—nor the world's art
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born *with* them—*in* them, so intense,
It was their very spirit—not a sense. (4, xxvii)

While it is an attractive view, Byron does not present it naively. "The world was not for them . . ." he says, and one recalls *Romeo and Juliet* which shows an idealistic love crushed by a vulgar, cynical world.

When in Canto Five the Sultana, Gulbeyaz, secretly has Juan purchased for her erotic pleasures, he still appears as an inexperienced young man and a potential victim of this woman, who herself, by the way, is to be pitied in her degraded role as "the fifteen-hundredth part" of the Sultan's household. Juan escapes her with his integrity intact. He does not become Gulbeyaz' chattel, and so far as we know, he is, to the end of the harem episode, true to the purer kind of love which he experienced with Haidée.

But once in Russia with Catherine, he becomes jaded. His condition is no longer that of a "natural" lover, but rather that of a suave young man, handsome and diplomatic:

Juan, who found himself, he knew not how,
A general object of attention, made
His answers with a very graceful bow
As if born for the Ministerial trade. (9, lxxxiii)

Juan makes his fortune with Catherine, and when, after he falls ill, he is dismissed, he journeys through Russia, Germany, Holland, and England. Byron then makes a great point of illustrating at length his hero's "experienced" condition in London; and once Juan becomes unctuous, he is far less attractive to the author:

Besides, he had not seen of several hundred
A lady altogether to his mind.
A little "*blâsé*"—'tis not to be wondered
At, that his heart had got a tougher rind:
And though not vainer from his past success,
No doubt his sensibilities were less. (12, lxxxi)

A certain ambiguity creeps into Juan's character in England:

Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,
In listening merely to his voice's tone.
The Devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice. (15,xiii)

Juan's integrity declines steadily as the poem advances to a close:

His tact, too, temper'd him from grave to gay,
And taught him when to be reserved or free:
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about. (15, lxxxii)

In the company of Lady Adeline, Aurora Raby, and the Duchess Fitz-Fulke, he is with women who are the antithesis of Haidée. He promptly revises his character and becomes a part of over-sophisticated English society:

And Juan too, in general behind none
In gay remark on what he had heard or seen.... (16, cv)

What Juan once did through normal impulse, he now engages in by design. He will never again experience unselfish love.

The tone of the final books is more somber than that of the first Cantos. The impressionable Juan is, appropriately, at his worst in England, that nation which Byron criticizes most severely. That the hero is "fallen" is made perfectly clear in this satirical paraphrase of lines from *Paradise Lost*:

The world is all before me, or behind. . . . (14, ix)

The life which has ensnared Juan is trivial, beset with ennui, and without any vital moral aspects:

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
A rack of pleasures, where we must invent
A something wherewithal to be annoy'd. (14, lxxix)

Finally, declares the narrator, life in London is mad:

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out;[8]
And you will be perhaps surprised to find
All things pursue exactly the same route. . . . (14, lxxxiv)

This view of Juan's final decadence is, I think, justified. Byron, in a letter to John Murray, flatly states his notion of Juan's destiny and further clarifies his satirical use of Juan:

I meant to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as *Anacharsis-Cloots* in the French revolution. . . . I meant to have made him a *Cavalier Servente* in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a Sentimental "Werther-faced man" in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâte* and blâsé as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in Hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest. The Spanish tradition says Hell: but it is probably only an allegory of the other state.[9]

Because my brief account of Juan's movements neglects most of the brilliant satire of the poem, I feel compelled to suggest at least something of the attack Byron launches

[8] See the first four lines of Alexander Pope's "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot."

[9] George Gordon, Lord Byron, *The Selected Letters*, ed. Jacques Barzun (New York, 1963), pp. 199–200.

against hypocrisy and moral malfeasance. He is, for one thing, unhappy with the double standard existing in the "affairs" of men and women. In a letter written by Julia we read that

> . . . man may range
> The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart,
> . . . . . .
> Men have all these resources, We but one—
> To love again, and be again undone. (I,cxciv)

Yet, paradoxically, Byron's general horror of tyranny includes the specific tyranny of marriage:

> Marriage from love, like vinegar from wine—
> A sad, sour, sober beverage. . . . (III,v)

Byron attacks society in general:

> Society itself, which should create
> Kindness, destroys what little we had got. . . . (V, xxv)

Especially in Canto Thirteen, he assaults almost every human type in High Society: Rackrhyme, Lord Pyrrho, Sir John Pottledeep, the Duke of Dash, Dick Dubious, Sir Henry Silvercup, Jack Jargon, General Fireface, and so on—all are caricatures, and reminiscent of the humours characters of Jonson and Fielding.

On the other hand, he satirizes many particular persons, and especially contemporary poets. Here is Southey:

> He lied with such a fervour of intention—
> There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate pension. (3, lxxx)

And Wordsworth:

> We learn from Horace, Homer sometimes sleeps;
> We feel without him,—Wordsworth sometimes wakes. (3, xcviii)

An integral part of the attack on poets is Byron's satire on artistic formulae, an attack seen in the third canto, where the traditional invocation is aborted to "Hail, Muse! et cetera. . . ."

So it goes throughout Don Juan, with the satirical onslaught on anything which Byron views as banal, organized, or institutionalized. Byron interprets institutionalization as death. He stands stubbornly outside society in his poem, quite literally, since he writes it while in semi-voluntary exile from England. Thus his picaresque life and that of his hero (at least until Juan "settles" comfortably in Russia and then in London) seem almost symbolic of the romantic doctrine of social movement, of institutional change which alone can ameliorate the human condition.

It is clear so far, I think, that what Byron does with the Don Juan myth is akin to what Tennyson does in his poem "Ulysses." Both men move significantly away from the original sources of their mythical figures, figures who were first drawn as men of physical action; both poets move to a spiritual interpretation of the heroes' characters. Their emphasis is on the psychological, the intellectual, and the moral significance of the heroes' actions. And Byron's Juan, like Tennyson's Ulysses, is an allegory of the poet's own mind.[10] Through complicated posturing, Byron effectively splits the poetic personality, has one side comment on the other, then comments on both. Byron's device is an elaborate play on the ideal and the real. He creates a poem which is extraordinarily modern in that it anticipates the complex psychological analysis in

[10] The September, 1964, *PMLA* article by George Ridenour is an excellent discussion of the "speakers" in *Don Juan*, and how they fit easily together to make one "self-consistent speaker." Ridenour argues that to ignore Byron here is like ignoring Wordsworth in *The Prelude*.

twentieth-century literature. And not without significance is the antic-epic nature of both "Ulysses" and *Don Juan*. The very brevity of Tennyson's poem and the ottava rima stanzas moulded into compact satiric units in Byron's mock epic are a clear picture of the nineteenth-century romantic attitude toward traditional epic forms. In this attitude toward the older epic modes, Byron and Tennyson have at least one thing in common.

Twentieth-century writers have been significantly affected by the Byronic assault on the Don Juan myth, particularly as regards the "analysis" of the hero. Ortega y Gasset, for instance, has given us a sociological interpretation of Juan as a powerful individual who through his sexual exploits rises above the "common herd" of mankind, while Henri-René Lenormand's drama, *L'Homme et ses fantômes*, shows Juan as a veiled homosexual. Such views, it is believed by some, have finished Juan for good, have shown him a symbol of over-cerebrated Western man, "haunted by loss of control and failure."[11]

But Shaw, if anyone, should have been able to kill the tradition, and yet Juan won't stay dead, despite even Shaw's sobering evaluation. In his preface to *Man and Superman*, Shaw explains the shift in viewpoint necessary to treating Don Juan in the literature of our century:

> Now it is all very well for you at the beginning of the XX century to ask for a Don Juan play; but you will see from the foregoing survey that Don Juan is a full century out of date for you and for me. . . . Civilized society is one huge bourgeoisie: no nobleman dares now shock his green-grocer. The women, "marchesane, principesse, cameriere, cittadine" and all, are become equally dangerous: the

[11] Oscar Mandel, *The Theatre of Don Juan—A Collection of Plays and Views, 1630–1963* (Lincoln, Nebr., 1963), p. 24.

sex is aggressive, powerful: when women are wronged they do not group themselves pathetically to sing "Protegga il guisto cielo": they grasp formidable legal and social weapons, and retaliate. Political parties are wrecked and public careers undone by a single indiscretion. A man had better have all the statues in London to supper with him, ugly as they are, than be brought to the bar of the Nonconformist Conscience by Donna Elvira. . . . As a result, Man is no longer, like Don Juan, victor in the duel of sex. Whether he has ever really been may be doubted: at all events the enormous superiority of Woman's natural position in this matter is telling with greater and greater force.[12]

Shaw's general view has found much sympathy among twentieth-century writers. Claude-André Puget, for instance, has two powerful antagonists in his 1941 drama, *Echec à Don Juan*, and as the play turns out, the man is killed in sword play by the woman. Oscar Mandel, a purist critic of the Don Juan tradition, has decided that this Shavian view of the battle of the sexes only has to carry Juan ". . . one more step and the writer . . . rids him of his lust for women altogether. It is a curious evolution."[13]

Christopher La Farge has taken the hero this "one more step" in the story, "Don Juan Miscarried." La Farge's hero is fifty-five, finds it necessary to compress his flabbiness with a corset, and must take afternoon naps in order to get through evenings with his lady friends; as he chats with a pretty widow, he reveals (to the reader only) that he only imagines his recounted exploits with women.

A typically twentieth-century treatment is Bergman's movie, *The Devil's Eye*, which exhibits Don Juan as com-

[12] G. B. Shaw, "To Arthur Bingham Walkley," in *Man and Superman* (Baltimore, 1952), pp. xiii-xiv.

[13] Mandel, p. 19.

pletely humiliated: after three centuries in hell, Juan returns to earth, ordered to seduce a stubborn virgin; he fails, but the girl then offers herself to him out of pity, not love, and so he returns to hell defeated.

In another vein, in Frank O'Connor's story, "Don Juan," and in Henry Bataille's drama, *L'Homme à la rose*, no one believes Juan when he narrates stories of his sexual exploits (just the opposite of La Farge's Juan). In O'Connor's work the hero leaves a pub bent on seducing a girl and does it in order to win a ten shilling bet, and "because his little comforts depended on the impression that he could make on the poor caubogue of the town. . . ."[14] In Bataille's play the aging hero is finally reduced to the humiliation of paying ten *duros* for a girl.[15]

The modern Don Juan, indeed, undergoes an incredible array of embarrassments. In Montherlant's *Don Juan* the hero is reminiscent of Ignazio Silone's "Mr. Aristotle," as he gets a bucket of water thrown on his head while he hides in the bushes waiting for a young girl. In other works Don Juan faints before his lady friend, nearly seduces his own daughter, watches while a gypsy girl gets stabbed to death trying to defend him, and so on, *ad infinitum*.[16]

Living in an era that will probably be labeled by intellectual historians the age of Existentialism, we should not be astonished to find lengthy existential dissertations on Juan. Among the many existential interpretations of Don Juan, perhaps the best known is by Albert Camus, who reads Juan as the Sisyphus of sex:

He *is* an ordinary seducer. Except for the difference that he is

[14] Frank O'Connor, *The Common Chord* (New York, 1958), p. 153.
[15] Mandel, p. 668.
[16] Ibid., p. 666.

conscious, and that is why he is absurd. A seducer who has become lucid will not change for all that. Seducing is his condition in life. Only in novels does one change condition or become better. Yet it can be said that at the same time nothing is changed and everything is transformed. What Don Juan realizes in action is an ethic of quantity, whereas the saint, on the contrary, tends toward quality. Not to believe in the profound meaning of things belongs to the absurd man. . . . He rejects regret, that other form of hope.[17]

Leo Weinstein explains the "absurd" view somewhat more succinctly:

In this world in which nothing matters except death, he has decided to enjoy himself with the most concrete object life has to offer him —women.[18]

This existentialistic turn irritates Mandel, who labels Juan the "Molecular" man, after "the science which dominates our lives . . . ," and causes our sense of fragmentation and feeling of isolation.[19] In the past, he says, Juan battered down all obstacles; he didn't have time to pause in the Renaissance because that would have been to submit. Now he has ceased:

. . . The twentieth century man we have been talking about: he is old, he dwells on death; he is small and cynical; he thinks and analyzes; he is mythically self-conscious; and he is alone in an empty universe.[20]

But I think that Mandel is too peevish toward the literature of our time which has thus transformed the "masculine" Don Juan into the figure of modern man. True, Juan is a Prufrock

[17] Albert Camus, "The Absurd Man," in *The Myth of Sisyphus and Other Essays*, trans. Justin O'Brien (New York, 1959), p. 53.

[18] Weinstein, p. 161.

[19] Mandel, p. 25.

[20] Ibid., p. 673.

today, but that is the whole point. Juan may not be comfortable in a spiritually denuded world, but he is, all the more for that reason, at home in our literature. Critics are hardly justified, simply because they recoil at the image of the modern world, in accusing writers of perverting a great myth or of dissipating the spirit of an age. Mandel's foremost objection to modern Juans seems to be that recent authors have (starting with Byron) "feminized" the tradition. Whether or not the verb is appropriate (and I don't think that it is) it seems too much to ask of writers that they create an imaginative version of man who has no connection whatsoever with our age.

The liberties taken by Byron do indeed open the way to such treatments of the Don Juan tradition as we have seen in the modern era. But Byron does something more than take liberties; he creates in Don Juan a figure paralleling his own experiences (or at least what he would like to suggest to the world have been his experiences), and thus, as Wordsworth does, Byron writes an allegory of the self. While this is a peculiarly romantic use of the myth, it, paradoxically, reinforces a living, 350-year-old tradition of Don Juanism: it guarantees once more an author's prerogative to utilize the tradition for whatever purpose the age demands and in whatever image Don Juan must appear to exist as representative of that era. This is the genius of the Don Juan tradition begun by Tirso's imitators, and invigorated by Byron. Don Juan is malleable; as long as there are men and women, his reincarnation is inevitable. And when man casts himself into another role in the future, radically different from the mould in which psychiatry, science, and the social sciences have framed him today, then Don Juan will strip off his old self and stride forth, a new man once more.

POEMS FROM ECUADOR

Translations

BY ROBERT L. LITTLEFIELD

In the first of the three following poems written by the youthful Ecuadorian poet Medardo Angel Silva (1902–1920), the poet utilizes a device of style not available to English poets, namely the two verbs "to be," *ser* and *estar*. In lines two through five, he employs *ser*, "to be" in a permanent sense. In the last line he uses *estar*, "to be" in a temporary sense. The intensity of passion generated by the first five lines is augmented by the humility posed in the last line. The Spanish *estar* derives from the Latin *stare* "to stand," which accounts for the sense of existing temporarily. Hence, in line six the poet expresses his desire to have the momentary pleasure of being nearest the lips of his beloved.

Quisiera Ser

Para envolverte en besos
Quisiera ser el viento
Ser todo lo que tus manos tocan
Ser tu sonrisa
Ser hasta tu propio aliento
Para estar cerca de tu boca

Would That I Could Be

To cover you with kisses
I would be the wind.
To be all that your hands touch
To be your very smile

To be even your very breath
Just to be nearest your lips.

Se Va Con Algo Mio

Se va con algo mio la tarde que se aleja . . .
Mi dolor de vivir es un dolor de amar
Y, al son de la garúa, en la antigua calleja,
Me invade un infinito deseo de llovar.
¿ Que son cosas de niño, me dices? Quien me dira
Tener una perenne inconsciencia infantil,
Ser del reino del día y de la primavera,
Del ruiseñor que canta y del alba de Abril!

¡Ah, ser pueril, ser puro, ser canoro, ser suave
—trino, perfume, o canto, crepúsculo o aurora—
Como la flor que aroma la vida . . . y no lo sabe,
Como el astro que alumbra las noches . . . y lo ignora!

Something of Me Is Going Away

Something of me is going away with evening . . .
My sadness of living is a sadness of love
And, in an old street at the sound of soft rain
I am struck with an infinite need for tears.

These are my childish fancies, you say? Who would
Give me a mind free of cares,
To be monarch of the day and of the spring
Of the singing nightingale and April's dawn—

Ah! to be childlike, to be pure, melodious, tranquil
—warbling, fragrance or singing, twilight or dawn—
As a flower which perfumes life . . . and does not know it,
As a star which illumines the nights . . . and knows it not!

Alba de Jesus

Señor en mi me busco y no me encuentro . . .
¿Donde la claridad del puro día
Cuya luz immortal fulgura dentro
Del corazón sin pena ni alegría? . . .

Tú eres la paz, y yo soy la contiendo
Tú eres la luz, la noche va conmigo
Mis ojos, cuyo por la negra venda
No distinguen amigo ni enemigo

Pero una voz en mi interior te nombra
Y dulcemente hacia tu fin me eleva
Porque tu estas en me como en la sombra
La luz celeste de la aurora nueva!

First Light of Jesus

Lord, I look within me and find nothing . . .
Where is this clarity of pure day
Whose eternal light gleams within
The heart without joy or pain? . . .

You are peace while I am conflict
You are light, but night goes with me . . .
My eyes, closed with a dark blindfold
Confuse friend and foe.

But a voice within me calls Thee
And sweetly leads me to Thee
Because Thou art in me as the
First light suffuses darkness.

OPEN HOUSE AT PORLOCK

BY GILES MITCHELL

Whirling sprinklers arranged upon my lawn,
My guests sedately tread the dry rock walks,
Revolve around the mild, ceremonial wine,
Send interlocking looks strained to rebuff
The hint of Abyssinian song still in
The air, all wild devices that surprise
When the head is wild and is house enough
And surprise for ceremony and guest can ring
The hot green heart held high in the golden
Cave where the rocks and hawks sweep up and sing
And the winding rivers plunge and carouse
Down the slopes of Abora to this open house
Where Porlock people have rehearsed replies
To the questions neatly drawn upon my face.
They coil around me the cues for public art,
Prevent the sudden ad-libbed hint of pain,
And dry ancestral promptings do their part,
While rebel voices chambered in my brain
Send love to pump my thrice-encircled heart.

THE DEBTOR

BY R. L. WILLIAMSON

A boy rose from fecund hands into a world encompassed
by them.
Scarred hands, tired hands, calloused, coaxing,
caring-cloaking carpenter's hands.

They held the first book he could remember
(And built the shelf that cased it, and the house
around it).
They cut the wood whose crackling coals carbon-pitted
the floor before the hearth.

With supple gesture they swirled shadow into shade:
Of men arrived in Paris,
Of futile wake of U-Boat,
Of rifles on a flatcar fronting Metz.
Crescendo: Searing, cleansing heat! And Woodrow Wilson
to prepare a world for men.

Quickened in their clasp,
Hammer, level, saw and plumb bob,
Ceaselessly in labor, brought forth
Fruit.
Overalls and jackets, caps and gloves and boots.
Picture shows, occasionally, but always
Books.

They spread the Eagle—blue, and labeled N R A
On the door they hung in the despair the Eagle
promised to dispel,

And, in faith, foreswooped the Eagle in promoting
cure.
They cashed bonus bonds and bought a bicycle,
a train ticket,
And sent a fourteen year old boy three hundred miles
to a Centennial Celebration—
Alone.
Fearingly, trustingly, presciently.
Grasping wisdom, they sent him.
Alone.

He glimpsed the meaning of miles as denominators
of distance,
As progenitors of poignant loneness within a
multitude,
As a gateway from chaining, cankering, colloquial
custom.
Breaching province, he grew a little.
(And understood a little of the path onto which he
was handed).

When he was eighteen, the same hands placed twenty
dollars in his.
Opened college to him.
At forty-one, a man glances at a path behind him.
An Artisan's hands shape many things—
Some of stone and wood.

A FRAGMENT OF GLASS

BY A. FARRELL BORENSTEIN

HE was aware, that first night, only of a small white glare emanating from somewhere within himself, reflected in the rectangular mirror of the bureau across his bedroom. He listened with the attentive power of the newly awakened, smoothing back phases of time as leaves, unfurling their edges, searching for the cause of the sense of doom that burned through his consciousness. In a silence as hard and clear as crystal, the breathing of the woman at his side, and of the children in their rooms nearby became as one—a counterpoint of rhythm close as the eyelid to the eye. But remote. Remote.

It was no sound that had awakened him. It was the light.

He turned back the blankets and the sheets. A small, steady glow illumined the center of his body. There was a fragment of glass in his navel, a souvenir of an accident that had befallen him months ago. The doctors had left it there when they had sewn the torn flesh together. It would do more harm, they said, to cut it out than to let it remain. He had laughed about it with them, saying that he suspected it was the bit of glass that would now hold his body together. Since his childhood he had made humor the harvest of his fears.

A mist rose from his body, and pollen drifted through his trunk, his groin, his limbs. His navel grew heavy and sharp and hot. It drew him to the mirror. Its light cut into the surface of glass, and shaped a sun, and fired it. His eyes bled with the radiance, and he fell backward, certain that he was dying.

"Joseph!"

His wife flung the bedclothes aside. Her cry awakened the children. Lights were turned on; a doctor was summoned. They helped him back to bed.

The room was dense with the odors of human flesh.

His little girl, her long, dark hair falling like night over her pale blue nightdress, gazed at him with her thumb against her lips.

"Just a dream," he murmured, smiling. "I had a dream."

He was lying, now, at the threshold of their world.

Now that he had recognized the presence of the light, and had come to know that it glowed only at night when he was a truly solitary being, he remembered that it had been summoning him—perhaps for weeks, perhaps for months. It was not the light that beckoned to him, but something, someone within the light. The light was a gate. He had to forbear, to feel his capacity to receive grow deeper. Without the visionary the vision does not come into being.

Seven was his mystic number. For seven days he prepared himself. He fasted. He was silent. He abstained from the connubial joys. He withdrew from the world. For seven nights he lay, baring his belly, lifting it, sending the light within him as an arrow into the beacon shining in the mirror. Each night it pierced the circle of light. On the seventh night, the arrow pierced its eye.

He drew close to the mirror, his body weightless. In a column of light, the axis of the circle, he saw an image—the head and shoulders of a man. The hair was dark and thick as his, but longer. The eyes were like his, too—big and mournful, glistening like obsidian. The broad bridge of the

nose, the high cheekbones, the full, slack lips—they were all his. And the sallow cast of the skin. But there was no mole on the left shoulder of the image.

A voice, deeper than his, more melancholy, spoke from the reaches of the pillar of light: "Hermano."

"You know me!" Joseph cried in love and terror.

"We are brothers."

Joseph moved closer to the image, but the man lifted his hand in warning.

"If you touch the glass, we both will disappear."

"How shall I reach you, then?"

"It is already done."

"Where do you come from?"

"From within you."

"From here." Joseph cupped his hand over his navel. The light eclipsed; the image began to flicker.

"Don't go," he wept, "don't go."

"We will meet again," the Other said.

The light, in dying, turned silver and then a blue paler than the sea at dawn.

In the darkness the blood began to flow through his body, warming it. He knelt and bent his head. In the folds of his navel, a blue star gleamed. He heard the pigeons stirring in their nest beyond the window in the alcove.

He took leave of the world. The water he lifted to his face that morning had the warmth and weight of tears. The clothing he drew over his body lay against his skin with the insinuating intimacy of moist silk. His wife's lips were cool and new. The voices of his children, the singing of the birds hidden in the evergreens, the hiss of the bus before it gathered

speed, the pulse of the hospital doors opening to admit him, the greetings of his familiars struck against him for the last time as he drew the pane around himself. The chemicals in the laboratory where he worked stank in his nostrils for the last time with an elemental fury.

At noon he left the hospital and walked to a little cafe. He took a booth next to the window and under the inverted letters painted on the dingy glass, he peered out at the sunless winter day. At the corner of the street was a red brick building, a rooming house for transients built more than a century ago. Next to it was the newspaper office, with its stone steps and iron railing and cellar door. Then there was the barber shop, then the bakery with its display of breads and biscuits and tarts and pies. . . . One day last spring he had stopped in there to buy a bag of doughnuts for the children. A man had entered, whistling, smiling, cracking jokes with the fat, old proprietess behind the counter. It was April, the sun was shining, early lilacs bloomed, the birds had come back north, the trees were budding, the air was sweet. The man could not keep his joy in being to himself. He was like a kid again, wanting everyone to know what he knew, feel what he felt that morning. His bowels were light, his bones supple, his skin clear; he had awakened that morning finding himself whole for the first time in hundreds, perhaps thousands of days. It did not even matter to him that it might never happen again. The day had achieved itself.

Now the pavement was wet and dark, and slush banked the curb, and the dismal pallor of winter justified all that he had resolved. The normal struggle had ended at last. All the thoughts and desires of his life fell into place. *I will make of chance what it is not.* The "accident," the imbedding of the

glass in his navel, was anti-climax. He had known, long before his discovery that he could summon him, that José was there. And others.

Now there would be no more rages. No more shouting at his children if they played with their food. The awareness was his, not theirs; the terror was his. He could not communicate it to them.

No more speeches to his wife: "How can you go to the supermarket, walk past all those packages and cans and jars of food . . . the wrapped meats, the shelves of butter and milk, the bins full of potatoes and apples. How can you write a list of what you want, week after week, year after year, when your pen is dipped in blood?"

"You think you are keeper of the world!" she would scream. "If you stay away, will that change anything? Will it distribute?"

"It changes nothing on the outside. Nor here, either." He would lay his hand across his heart. "No, you're right, Mary. It makes no difference—thrusting the harpon into the fish, or standing on the beach with your back to the ocean. You see? I am part of the hunting party, too."

"You must eat, Joseph."

"Mary," he would say. "Mary, there are so many who must, who don't. What in God's name shall I do?"

No, he would ask no more. Now he understood: When a man can do nothing, then that is what he must do.

"I am hungry," José told him.

"I know, I know."

"There are dreams a man has only when he is hungry," José whispered. "When the belly is full, a man cannot dream like this."

"You are dreaming me."

"Sí."

"What do you feel when you dream now?" Joseph asked tenderly.

"I feel that I am warm, very warm. My belly sleeps and does not cry out. Tomorrow, I dream that my baby will not be dying; that nothing evil will happen. I dream that I will never be angry again."

"If I were God—" Joseph whispered.

"Sí. But you are only my brother."

The ring of light began to turn as a wheel set afire. Joseph's body, too, began to spin. He lay his limbs upon the flashing spokes and whirled over and over, faster and faster, as the shining spore in his navel drew in the force of his being.

She knocked on the door and called to him: "Joseph, come out! Joseph, why have you locked yourself away? What are you doing?"

"Praying."

Remembering the religion of his childhood, he formed his prayers as one in a confessional, praying no longer to God but to José, and, through him, to all his brothers: Mea culpa, when I was hungry, I sought food; when I was thirsty, I wet my tongue on pure water, sweet drinks and aging wines. When I was cold, I warmed myself. Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa, I lay beside my wife, knowing nothing but my desire. When my child was ill, I sought the aid of physicians, driving Death from my side, making It one with Evil.

As the days passed, his visions increased in intensity and purity. On the last day he spent at home, a flame-tipped spear thrust through his navel, and he fell on his back. He felt the

light spread through his body and, looking up, he saw a cone of white radiance on the ceiling.

"I know you are there," José said.

"And you? Where are you?" Joseph whispered.

"Dreaming in the fields."

"How is it with your little son?"

José smiled. "How can it be? Hermano, he is dead."

Moaning with grief, Joseph lay his hands over his belly, extinguished the dream, and lost consciousness.

He had been in the hospital for nearly two months, now. He had refused to speak, to eat, to drink; although the doctors had given him a number of tests and could find no scientific basis for it, they recognized that he was dying. They fed him nourishment through his veins, but his body rejected it. He grew emaciated. His skin shone, giving off a saffron glow. He refused to respond to the utterance of his name. He never inquired of his family. He did not recognize his visitors, nor did he acknowledge the presence of his wife sitting at his bedside, sometimes weeping, but now, more often in silence.

"It is clear," the physician told her, "that your husband no longer has the will to live. He resists every effort to restore his strength. I have checked the reports concerning his accident, and it is apparent that his recovery should have been excellent."

"I'm desperate," Mary said. "Just desperate."

"What do you know about his medical history?"

"He had none. He grew up in a very large family. They were poor. He never had enough to eat; in the winter he was always cold. He was deprived in many ways. But he left them; he went away to school, and received a good educa-

tion. And since we have been married, we have been very comfortable. We've never wanted for the necessities."

"I'm mystified, then. Completely mystified."

The nurses would hear him at night, murmuring and weeping. When they went to his room, they would find him curled up like a foetus, his hands clutching his belly. They would give him a shot to quiet him.

"It's hunger," one of the nurses insisted. "I worked overseas, and I've seen the symptoms many times. He's dying of starvation."

"Nobody starves anymore," another nurse said. "You know that's ridiculous."

"What about fasting?" the other challenged her.

"You see that sort of fasting in other countries. Never in this one."

"Why there, of all places, where there's not enough to eat anyway?"

No one could answer.

One morning, the doctors told Mary that Joseph was nearing the end. She found his room in total darkness. He said that he found the light intolerable. The flesh was drawn tightly over his shoulders and ribs, now, and gave off a phosphorescent glow.

His eyes were closed, and his face composed, as though he had already died. He looked so thin, so cold, that she reached out to lift the sheet and fold it more smoothly over his body. As she drew the sheet down, she saw a silver-blue flash in the darkness, in the pit of his belly. She bent over him and saw the bit of glass that the surgeons had left in his navel. His "souvenir," as he had called it.

Burning with bitterness and anger at their shattered lives,

she hooked her fingers and plunged them into the folds, and plucked out the glass. At once the navel began to bleed, to weep a pale substance blue and thin as breast-milk that trickled down into his groin.

Joseph opened his eyes, and moved his arms, and smiled.

She saw that he felt hunger, many hungers. And that he was restored to her.

THE PRODIGAL SON RETURNS ON A WEEKDAY AFTERNOON

BY J. M. LINEBARGER

Deserted now, it stands there on the hill
About the same. Perhaps the clapboard tower
Inclines a little more, the trees are taller.
Inside, an icon's empty eyes may still
Pretend to see the spirits on the stair.

A window arches like an eyebrow as
I smile and shake my head, remembering
Blood mysteries, exhortations, a dark curse
That no one comprehends, the pride of guilt,
The evil inherent in forbidden words,
The certainty that our fates were assured.

Embarrassed by what I once was, I turn
Away, all curiosity satisfied.

ALMOST NEANDERTHAL

BY FRANK CHEAVENS

The two Fuller brothers, who
Roamed the shell beaches
Down by the green-blue
Waters of Matagorda Bay,
Were never known
To wear a shoe.

The bottoms of their feet
Were tough as alligator hide,
And they could beat
Their way barefoot across
An oyster-bed as if
It were a city street.

The boys grew big out there
In the wild, away from school,
Feasting on the potent fare
Of fowl and fish. Their feet
Were large enough
To make the tourists stop and stare.

So big, in fact, that one night
While wading in the bay, Eb mistook
His own foot, in the lantern-light,
For a hefty flounder, and gigged it
Through and through. All he said was,
"Look, Bud, I got bit by my own bite."

Newcomers to that sterile soil
Who saw the brothers' hairy faces,
Almost Neanderthal, would inwardly recoil,
But the Fuller boys were as harmless
As sea-cows, and proved just about
As strong in their spasmodic toil.
One jew-fish they hooked (its weight
Was almost half a ton)
Towed their skiff some eight
Miles down toward Port O'Connor.
Having no other way to market their catch,
They rowed all night at a steady rate.

And sometime the next morning sold
The fish in Port Lavaca, about
Twenty miles away. They strolled
Uptown, bought a few sacks
Of Bull Durham tobacco and pulled
Away before their tracks were cold.

They weren't without a certain sense
Of humor. If you asked a question
Your only answer might be an immense
Brown jet of tobacco juice,
Shot with accuracy
And violence.

When the tourists began to flock
Along the shell-white beaches
The brothers took every chance to mock
At "them there panty-waists." One day their skiff
Came in loaded with big and wormy drum
And the tourists crowded round the dock.

"Would you please to tell me
Where you caught these fish?"
Asked a man dressed nattily
In dazzling ducks. Eb spat and answered,
"Sho', I'll tell yuh. Out in the bay!
Where yuh reckon, on the pu'rairie?"

REVIEWS

INTERNAL EVIDENCE AND ELIZABETHAN DRAMATIC AUTHORSHIP. *By* S. Schoenbaum. Evanston: *Northwestern University Press*, 1966. $7.50.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS IN THE BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER CANON. Edited *by* Fredson Bowers and others. Cambridge, England: At the *University Press*, 1966. $18.50.

SUBTITLED "An Essay in Literary History and Method" Samuel Schoenbaum's book deals with attempts to establish the authorship of various Elizabethan plays. The impetus of his study, according to Schoenbaum, professor of English at Northwestern University, came as a result of his trying to untangle the various claims for the authorship of *The Revenger's Tragedy*. Noting that questionable, or even absurd, claims by pseudo-scholarship have made present-day students of English drama gun shy of internal evidence *per se*, Professor Schoenbaum has attempted to introduce a rationale into its use. That is his most important task, and he has accomplished it so well that the book ought to be read by every student of Elizabethan drama.

Professor Schoenbaum traces modern attempts at establishing authorship back to a paper written by Frederick Gard Fleay and read by the Rev. Dr. E. A. Abbott at a meeting of F. J. Furnivall's New Shakspere Society on Friday, the thirteenth of March, 1874, when Fleay made grandiose claims for metrical tests. The nervous energy expended by Fleay and his followers is traced by Schoenbaum to J. M. Robertson's attempts to disassemble the textual integrity of the Shakespeare canon, though that process, as Schoenbaum observes, was under way even in the seventeenth century.

Though monumentally self-assured and capricious, Fleay had remarkable intuitive abilities, a quality lacking in many of his contemporaries and followers. A younger generation of scholars who established themselves in the early years of the present century, however, laid the foundations of present-day editorial standards. Even these men occasionally fell victim to misattribution. One of the giants of the period, Sir Walter Greg, attempted to assign *Two Lamentable Tragedies* to Day,

Haughton, and Chettle on the basis of entries in *Henslowe's Diary*, which Greg was editing at the time. In ignoring the external attribution on the title page of the play, giving *Two Lamentable Tragedies* to Yarington, Greg had become almost as capricious as Fleay had been earlier. If Greg's sure footstep could falter, what of lesser men? Professor Schoenbaum catalogues the failings in attribution studies of Oliphant, Dugdale Sykes, William Wells, and Feuillerat but cautions that young scholars, unaware of what he calls "the Great Reaction" to attribution based on inadequate evidence, have heard the siren call of metrical tests or of subjectively derived stylistic evidence.

The signal failure that Schoenbaum enumerates in the first half of his book can be laid to a lack of method. In an attempt to codify procedure for using internal evidence Schoenbaum suggests the adaptation of methods "that I now recommend to canonical investigators." These eight suggestions—Schoenbaum admits that other, more rigorous procedures might be adopted by cautious scholars—include the following: external evidence should not be ignored; stylistic criteria can only be applied to a distinct style; the textual basis of the student's work should be reliable and should if possible be based on a direct reading of the early editions or manuscripts; "textual analysis logically precedes stylistic analysis"; defective texts do not offer suitable evidence for attribution studies; a sufficient body of unquestioned dramatic works must be available if a given author is suggested as the author of the work in question; guesses or subjective impressions are not evidence; and finally "subjective evidence should be supplemented by bibliographical evidence."

In the face of such obvious procedures it is remarkable that some scholars have persisted so long in perpetuating questionable methods. The reviewer, however, knows of a recent master's thesis that purports to solve the authorship problem of *Fair Em* despite the fact that the play is known only in a Bad Quarto and that positive external evidence is lacking. Scholarship is not served by permitting such a thesis to be written. Even scholars of unquestioned reputation have been cavalier in matters of attribution. So disciplined an editor as Fredson Bowers admitted *Lust's Dominion* to his edition of Dekker despite the fact that the attribution depends ultimately on the notorious Fleay's identification of the play with a payment Henslowe made to Dekker, Day, and Haughton in 1600

for a play that the theater owner called *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy*. Despite the obvious fact that *Lust's Dominion* is earlier than its 1657 publication date and might well have been written even earlier than 1600, we must not suppose that Fleay's ascription is as plausible as Bowers seems to think it is.

If the use of internal evidence in attribution studies is as much a mare's nest as Professor Schoenbaum's examples suggest, we are justified in asking whether internal evidence alone can be depended on at all. Schoenbaum's suggested procedural methods indicate that he believes it can, and he cites the example of Greg's solid use of internal evidence in his edition of *Sir Thomas More*. Schoenbaum cautions his readers, however, that some problems in authorship are unsolvable and that a conservative scholar should know better than to attempt to prove the unprovable.

Scholarship in non-Shakespearean English drama has enormous possibilities today. Scarcely any of his contemporaries has enjoyed the vigorous critical examination that Shakespeare has attracted to himself. Much can still be done. Perhaps electronic computers, less likely than fallible humans to make *a priori* judgments, may eventually supply us with metrical tests that can prove something, or at least may suggest a rationale for the use of parallel passages. The use of stage conventions, the structural patterns of Elizabethan drama, the kind of audience for which particular plays were intended, or the use of music on the stage all offer possibilities for future study. The chief impediment to an outcropping of vigorous critical and scholarly activity in the field is the lack of reliable editions of important Elizabethan writers, though new editions of most of the major playwrights are being prepared today. Nevertheless, if scholars can learn from the mistakes of the past, the long-needed renascence of Elizabethan studies may soon be at hand.

Professor Schoenbaum has given us more than just a cautionary tale. The book, so readable that the non-specialist need not be deterred from enjoying it, offers us a rational procedure in dealing with internal evidence. So important a book as *Internal Evidence* ought to be required reading for any graduate student who contemplates research in Elizabethan drama, should be read by mature scholars in the field, and would profit anyone who contemplates the serious study of any form of litera-

ture. Though he expresses reservations about the technical subject matter of his book, Professor Schoenbaum has offered us a book that is a joy to read.

The first volume of *The Dramatic Works in The Beaumont and Fletcher Canon*, under the general editorship of Fredson Bowers, has appeared. This volume contains two works thought to be Francis Beaumont's alone: *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, edited by Cyrus Hoy; and *The Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, edited by Professor Bowers. The other plays are collaborations with John Fletcher and include: *The Woman Hater*, edited by George Walton Williams; *The Coxcomb*, edited by Irby B. Cauthen, Jr.; *Philaster*, edited by Robert K. Turner; and *The Captain*, edited by Lester A. Beaurline. Professor Turner also contributes a brief, but valuable, essay on the printing of the 1647 Folio. The editorial principles are similar to those of Bowers' edition of Dekker but are adapted to the special peculiarities of the Beaumont and Fletcher canon.

Designed to replace the old Glover and Waller edition of the Beaumont and Fletcher plays, this edition, according to the publishers, will extend to ten volues, and presumably a volume will appear each year. Scholars may look forward with added interest to future volumes, since this edition will benefit from Professor Hoy's exhaustive labors with the Fletcher-Massinger plays.

Any modern edition of the dramatic works of Elizabethan authors is welcome, but a trustworthy critical old-spelling edition of the Beaumont and Fletcher canon is especially valuable to scholars and critics alike.

JOHN S. LEWIS

CONTRIBUTORS

A. Farrell Borenstein, who teaches English in Cornell College, has published short stories in *The North American Review*, *The University Review*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, and other magazines.

Melvin Bradford teaches English in the University of Dallas.

Frank Cheavens teaches psychology in the University of Texas at Arlington.

George Fortenberry teaches English in the University of Texas at Arlington.

Edwin S. Godsey is the author of a volume of poetry, *Cabin Fever*, to be published posthumously this fall by The University of North Carolina Press.

A.C. Greene, formerly editorial editor of the Dallas *Times-Herald*, is now book critic for that newspaper. "God in West Texas" is a chapter from his forthcoming book on West Texas which A. A. Knopf, Inc., will publish.

Robert W. Hill teaches English in Clemson University.

J. F. Kobler teaches English in North Texas State University.

Edward Krickel, who teaches English in the University of Georgia, is the author of a volume of poetry called *Segment of a View*.

Thomas H. Landess teaches English in the University of Dallas.

Warren Leamon teaches English in the University of Georgia.

John S. Lewis teaches English in the University of Texas at Arlington.

J. M. Linebarger teaches English in North Texas State University.

Robert L. Littlefield teaches English in the University of Texas at Arlington.

F. Bullitt Lowry teaches history in North Texas State University.

Robert E. McDowell teaches English in the University of Texas at Arlington.

Giles Mitchell teaches English in North Texas State University.

Marion Montgomery, who teaches English in the University of Georgia, is the author of two novels and two volumes of poetry, the more

recent of which is called *Stones from the Rubble.*

Thomas S. Sutherland teaches English in the University of Texas at Arlington.

R. L. Williamson teaches history in the University of Texas at Arlington.

Conform manuscripts to *The MLA Style Sheet.* All manuscript material submitted must be double-spaced (including footnotes).

THE ARLINGTON QUARTERLY
Box 366, University Station
Arlington, Texas 76010